A GENEALOGY OF MORALS
POEMS
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

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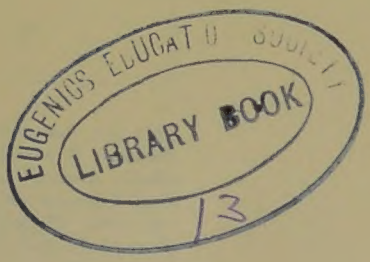
THE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



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The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche

VOL. I. A GENEALOGY OF MORALS
POEMS

Translated by WILLIAM A. HAUSSMANN and JOHN GRAY.

[*Ready March* 20, 1899.

VOL. II. THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE

Translated by ALEXANDER TILLE.

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VOL. III. THE CASE OF WAGNER
NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER
THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS
THE ANTICHRIST

Translated by THOMAS COMMON.

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Other Volumes to follow.

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

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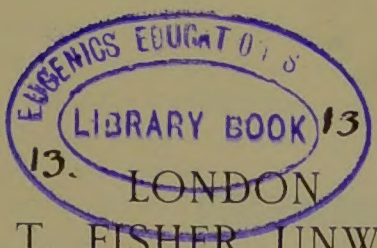
A GENEALOGY OF MORALS

POEMS

BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM A. HAUSSMANN AND JOHN GRAY



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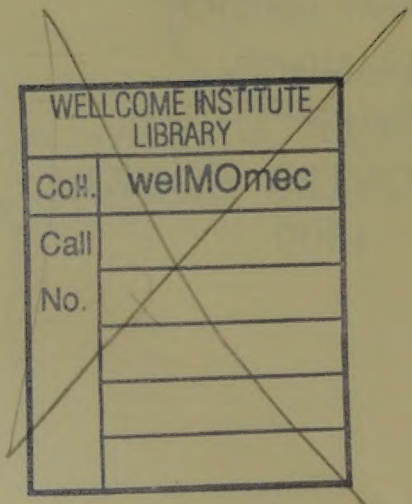

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INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION

A Chinese historian of English Morals living in the twentieth century who would use any of the English standard works on Ethics written in our time, for the purpose of arriving at a true and complete picture of the moral convictions and principles of the English speaking peoples of to-day, could not fail, however unconsciously, to be guilty of a gross misstatement of the facts by presenting an altogether one-sided description of the somewhat complicated state of moral consciousness which existed in Great Britain and the United States in the time of his father or his grand-father. For without exception all those works on Ethics which he could use as his basis, are one-sided as dealing merely with a kind of Ethics which, according to the point of view reckoned most important by various men, has been variously termed: Ethics of unselfishness; neighbour-morality; Ethics of eudæmonistic utilitarianism, Christian Ethics or Socialist Ethics. Their fundamental traits are the enunciation of unselfishness as something morally better than egotism; of the welfare of the neighbour as of at least equal importance with one's own welfare; of the happiness of the many as surpassing by far the happiness of individual man, however great he

be ; the acceptance as a moral obligation of the sentence of Scripture that man shall love his neighbour as he loves himself ; and logical premises which, of necessity, must ultimately lead to Communism, as they led to it in the little Christian Community at Jerusalem about the middle of the first century of our era. If, all other documents on the actual social status of Great Britain in the nineteenth century being lost or inaccessible to our Chinese historian of English morality, he were to proceed to construct, out of the theoretical elements furnished by his English ethical library, a social system in absolute accordance with them, it would be mainly communistic ; and if he had the same confidence in the creations of his own deductions as our modern historians of ancient morality have in theirs, he would pronounce the verdict that the immense industrial system of Great Britain in the nineteenth century—of which he knew the popular legend told such frightful stories—had in reality been worked upon pure and simple socialistic and more especially communistic principles, everyone deeming the welfare of his brethren of far greater importance than his own. His rival who would declare that he possessed some *mémoires* from which it was evident that a Chinaman resident in England at that time had lived among a caste which was rich, whilst other castes were poor ; which denied the names of "gentleman" and "lady" to other castes, and also denied them in consequence all sorts of social privileges including the most important ones of social intercourse and intermarriage and of being regarded as trustworthy, sincere, and accountable in matters of tact and delicacy—would be declared to be the greatest liar in the world, his alleged facts being so utterly at variance with the established general drift of English thought at the time in question that there

was no possibility of such opinions and such facts being coexistent.

Yet we know that the advocate of the *mémoires* would be right. A great English scholar whom years ago I asked to explain how at this time of day a philosophy so utterly absurd as that of Hegel was in full sway in English academic circles, whilst it had long ago died out at the German Universities, told me he did not wonder at it in the least. The English mind was so absolutely practical that for a philosophy it needed something absurd in the highest degree, because it would at once pull to pieces every reasonable philosophy offered. I do not think this was quite a satisfactory explanation, but must confess I know of no better, and if one thing is certain, it is that the chasm which everywhere in civilised Europe exists between theory and practice, and more especially between current social theories and the actual state of things, is felt nowhere less than in Great Britain. By intoxicating themselves with phrases like altruism, charity, social justice, equality before the law, freedom and right to labour and happiness, the majority of English speaking people do not feel that they live in a world, in which these things are by no means self-evident or fundamental to society. It is an open question whether it would be better for them, if the world of their fancy were also the world of reality, but there is no doubt, that the altruistic ideals, everywhere on British soil, are spoken of and regarded as infinitely greater and loftier than the egotism which characterises everyone in the business of actual life, and that no nation is less inclined to enter into a discussion of the question: are these ideals actually worthier of human striving than the wish to get the upper hand in the social struggle for existence? It is

by no means certain that ideals, simply because they are ideals and are believed in by many, must necessarily represent something better than reality does, though the doctrine be inherited from Plato that such is the case. There is no need to discuss this here, but it will be admitted that the historian of the English morality of our days who—like the theoretic speculator—should devote all his space to those essentially Christian ideals of neighbour-morality would fall very far short of doing perfect justice to his subject.

It is a fact, and a fact very important for the history of European Morals, that the English man and the English woman of our days are by no means exclusively pervaded by the principles of Christian-democratic neighbour-morality, but show also very distinct traces of a very different kind of moral valuation, of a morality which in its deepest essence is aristocratic, however hateful this word be to many who are possessed of this sort of moral feelings. It is difficult to say whether it would more thoroughly deprive an Englishman of the right to be esteemed by his fellows,—to take away from his character all traces of Christian morals of pity and charity, or to take away from him all those qualities which for an Englishman constitute the "gentleman" or the "lady." It is true that by people who are not accustomed to think for themselves these words are only too frequently employed in a very superficial sense, and occasionally refer even to certain peculiarities of dress, pronunciation, bearing, conversation, or to things which can be bought. But this does not prove that these denominations are worth nothing. And he who would maintain such a proposition would certainly not do justice to the British national character and the high concept of personal honour which is laid down in the words. "Gentleman" represents

the ideal of the upper fourth-part of the English nation and determines how a man should be if he wishes to be unobjectionable. It involves all those qualities of personal honour, truthfulness, discretion, sincerity, trustworthiness, honesty, and besides that command of the forms of educated intercourse, and that education, culture and freedom from violent eruptions of feeling which are indispensable for anybody who claims to belong to good society. He who lacks in any of these qualities, will not be admitted to any club or similar association, into any society or to family-intercourse, but will be excluded wherever those meet who, in their own opinion as well as in that of the rest of the nation, form the upper caste. This moral code lays stress upon a number of qualities, the want of which could not in the common use of words even be called immoral; it ascribes weight to some personal traits the contrary of which is neither interdicted by the penal code nor regarded as in any way interfering with the honour of a man of the lower classes. Although some (though by no means all) actions forbidden by the ten commandments disqualify for the position of a "gentleman," that code is not at all identical with the old Jewish rules of moral conduct, but demands unspeakably more than they do.

The peculiarity by which this moral valuation is distinguished from that of Christian morality as taught by the New Testament, the school and the church, is that it is merely a morality of an upper caste in contradistinction from the lower classes of the people. By force of the qualities demanded by this code, the upper class feels itself to be something better than the lower. He who does not comply with the demands of that essentially aristocratic code, is "not a gentleman," she who does not master its

requirements, is "not a lady" however good, industrious, economical, prudent people they may be, nay however great things they may, occasionally, have accomplished. For it is not the single deed of magnanimity, nor the accomplishment of something great and valuable which makes the gentleman. All his inventions would not make Mr. Edison a gentleman, if he were none in his every day life. For it is the whole of one's life on which the verdict of this aristocratic mode of valuation is given. In numerous cases, though not in all, the commandments of this gentleman-morality, *e. g.*, in matters of discretion, are absolutely contrary to those of the ten commandments, or Christian duties towards the neighbour, and the ideal of a perfect man is very different, according to the code by which it is determined. In the practice of life the relationship of the two codes is as follows: the true Englishman speaks more of the Jewish-Christian code, but he acts more upon the Germanic-aristocratic code which survives in his gentleman-morality; and—if a Russian writer is right—it is just the things never or least uttered which have the greatest power over our minds.

Nietzsche's book *A Genealogy of Morals* seeks to bring into the foreground the gentleman-morality which in scientific investigation has been absolutely neglected hitherto. He contrasts it with what he terms slave morality, and seeks for the origin of both moralities in certain primitive conditions of society in remote past. Of all English writers there comes nearest him Mr. Stuart Glennie, who like Nietzsche —but I am not sure whether he knew the German philosopher—derives the most important facts of civilisation from the opposition of a fair and higher and a dark and lower race living in the same country, the former being the

ruling, the latter the serving race.* *A Genealogy of Morals* —meant to defend the book *Beyond God and Evil* against certain attacks, and written in June 1887 at Sils Maria, Upper Engadine—consists of three Essays, each of which is almost self-dependent. The first is devoted to the two mutually exclusive antitheses "Good and Evil" and "Good and Bad" the former representing the valuation of master-morality, the latter being the valuation of slave-morality. Nietzsche himself knew that, with this essay, he had not furnished a complete historical proof of the case, but he also knew that the historical side was his weakest point and looked for co-operators especially in the field of etymology of Aryan denominations of moral qualities. Thus the etymological proof he undertook in aphorism 5 of the first Essay is a complete failure.** With perhaps one exception where the derivation given is at least philologically possible, the etymological explanations are doubtless all wrong or perfectly arbitrary. That the actual evolution of meaning of the Greek examples given in aph. 10 is, in several cases at least, the reverse of that which Nietzsche assumes, I hope to show in some other place. But by the withdraw-

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* Compare Mr. Stuart Glennie's Appendix to Miss Lucy Garnett's book The Women of Turkey (London 1890. Vol. ii.) and his two papers in the Papers and Transactions of the International Folklore-Congress 1891 (London, Nutt 1892).

** There is no reason to assume that *aryan* ever meant the rich; ἐσθλός cannot possibly be derived from the Aryan copula, the ϑ and the circumstance that the copula does not form derivations in any Aryan language excluding this etymology; *malus* cannot be identical with μέλας; *bonus* cannot be *duonus*, because the form of the root *dui* as in *bis* (older *duis*) would have to appear in an adjective derived from the number two, and the existence of such an adjective is, besides, very unlikely; the words *good* and *god* have no relation to the name of the Goths, the different *t*-sounds occurring in these words in Gothic being irreconcilable.

ing of this prop the theory does not necessarily fall to the ground. In the Germanic languages, and more especially in the Eastern Germanic, a great number of etymological facts can be gathered which point in the direction indicated by Nietzsche though not leading to the specific result wanted by him.

The Second Essay has for its object some local developments of guilt, bad conscience and the like. A revival of the old theory that guilt and debt are originally identical gives the starting point. According to Nietzsche's opinion, in recompense for material loss suffered, the unpaid creditor received a claim to exercise some cruelty on the debtor, which was later on felt to be some punishment. As regards punishment, Nietzsche arrives at conclusions similar to those which a great English philosopher reached twenty years ago though he published them so late as 1894,* and as to bad conscience Nietzsche is quite at one with Mr. Stuart Glennie's theories on the origin of civilisation.

The most remarkable part of the Volume is Essay III, which tries to answer the question: what do ascetic ideals mean? In this sense ascetic ideals are identical with the ideals of slave-morality and more especially with the ideals of poverty, humility (or unrestricted obedience) and chastity. Except a few sects and orders, Christendom has never lived according to these ideals, the realisation of which leads with absolute certainty to the economic ruin of whole peoples. And not only to economic ruin, but to the disappearance of a people from the surface of the earth. For the means of subsistence are an unavoidable presupposition for the existence of human beings who are so imperfect as to be com-

* F. H. Bradley, Some Remarks on Punishment. International Journal of Ethics. April 1894. pp. 269—284.

pelled to live on food. In recent times the neighbour morality has declared its own bankruptcy in Malthusianism and Neomalthusianism. The demand not to produce any more progeny, in order that the neighbour may be able to produce some, can only be surpassed by the other demand not to eat any more but to die of hunger in order that the neighbour may be able to live and feed. It is, however, not the consequences of the realisation of these ascetic ideals to which Nietzsche directs his attention, but the state of mind from which they proceed, and in this respect he arrives at the result that they are a necessary accompaniment of decadence, the gospel of all who are mentally or bodily inferior and who, by means of them, take revenge on the well-constituted and superior.

Besides *"A Genealogy of Morals"* the present volume contains Nietzsche's *Poems, i. e.,* that part of his poetry which he did not choose to incorporate in any of his larger writings as he did with the Collections he placed at the beginning and end of his *Joyful Science* or with the single poems to which he gave a place in his *Zarathustra,* in *Beyond Good and Evil,* etc. The *Poems* cover the time from 1871 till 1888 (the years 1878 till 1881 and 1886 till 1887 having yielded no contributions) and are chiefly didactic and dithyrambic.

ALEXANDER TILLE

A GENEALOGY OF MORALS

(TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM A. HAUSSMANN)

FOREWORD

FOREWORD

1

We are strangers to ourselves, we perceivers—we ourselves to ourselves: for this there is reason enough. We have never sought for ourselves,—how, then, could it happen, that some day we *should find* ourselves? Rightly has it been said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." *Our* treasure is where the bee-hives of our knowledge are. We are ever on the road thither, as born hymenoptera and honey-gatherers of the spirit; we care at bottom but for this—to "bring something home." As regards life otherwise, so-called "experience,"—who among us has even earnestness enough for it? Or time enough? On such matters, I fear, we were never really "by the matter;" for our heart is not there—and not even our ear! Nay, rather like one divinely-distracted and absorbed in himself, into whose ear the bell with powerful clang has sounded its twelve strokes of noon-day, and who thereupon suddenly awakes and asks himself: "What is it that the clock has

struck?" once in a while, we rub our ears *afterwards* asking, quite amazed, quite perplexed: "What is it we have experienced? ay: who *are* we?" and recount, afterwards, all the palpitating twelve bell-strokes of our experience, our life, our *being*—alas! and count amiss in doing so .... We must remain strangers to ourselves; we do not understand ourselves; we *must* mistake ourselves; for us, the saying holds to all eternity: "each one is the greatest stranger to himself,"—for ourselves, we are no "perceivers" ...

2

My reflections on the *origin* of our moral prejudices—for these form the theme of our tract—have found their first chary and provisional expression in that collection of aphorisms which bears the title, *Human, All-too-human. A Book for Free Spirits,* which I first began to put on paper in Sorrento, during a winter which permitted me to make halt like some wanderer, and to survey the far-spread and dangerous land through which my mind had wandered so far. This took place in the winter of 1876—77; the thoughts themselves are older. In the main, however, they were the same thoughts as those which I take up again in these essays. Let us hope that the long interval proved beneficial to them; that they grew riper, clearer, stronger, more perfect! And *that* to-day I still hold firmly on to these thoughts; that in the meantime

they have come to hold ever more firmly on to one another; that they have grown together and into one another;—these facts confirm in me the cheerful confidence, that from the very beginning they arose not isolatedly, not at random, not sporadically, but from one common root and source, from a profoundly commanding, ever more definitely speaking, ever more definitely defined *fundamental will* of perception. For thus and only thus it befits a philosopher. We have not the right to be *single* in any one respect: we must neither err singly nor singly hit upon truth. But with the same necessity with which a tree will bear its fruits, our thoughts will grow from out ourselves, and our values, our "Yeas" and "Nays" and "ifs" and "whethers"—all related and inter-connected and testifying to one will, one health, one soil, one sun.—Whether they are pleasant to *your* taste, these fruits of ours? —But what matters that to the trees! What matters that to *us,* the philosophers! . . . .

3

Having a kind of scrupulousness peculiar to myself, which I do not readily acknowledge—inasmuch as it has reference to *morality,* to all that so far was known on earth, and celebrated as morality —a scrupulousness which arose in my life so prematurely, so uncalled-for, so irresistibly, so in contradiction to surroundings, age, precedent and an-

cestry, that I should almost be justified in calling it my *A priori*,—my curiosity as well as my suspicion had to be confronted, at an early date, by the question of *what origin* really are our Good and Evil? In very deed, while but a boy of thirteen the problem of the origin of evil haunted me: to it I dedicated in an age, when we have in heart half play, half God, my first literary child-play, my first philosophical composition; and as regards my solution of the problem then, well, I gave, as is but fair, God the honour, and made him *father* of evil. Was it that my *A priori* wanted it just *so*? that new immoral, or, at any rate, non-moral *A priori* and what sounded forth from it,—the alas! so anti-Kantian, so mysterious "categorical imperative," to which afterwards I gave ever better hearing and not only hearing? . . . . Fortunately, I learned betimes to separate theological from moral prejudices and to seek no longer *behind* the world for the origin of evil. A little historical and philological schooling, together with an inborn and delicate sense regarding psychological questions, changed my problem in very short time into that other one: under what circumstances and conditions did man invent those valuations Good and Evil? *and what is their own specific value?* Did they retard or further human progress so far? Are they a sign of need, of impoverishment, of degeneration of life? Or is the reverse the case, do they point to the ful-

ness, the strength, the will of life, its courage, its confidence, its future?—To this question I found and ventured sundry answers; I distinguished between times, peoples and rank-degrees of individuals; I specialised my problem; the answers became new questions, investigations, suppositions, probabilities: till at last I had to myself a private land, a private soil, an altogether hidden and reserved, thriving and flourishing world, secret gardens as it were, of which no one beside me durst have an inkling .... Oh, how *happy* we are, we perceivers, provided we understand the art of keeping silence long enough! ....

4

The first impulse to make known something of my hypotheses on the origin of morality, I received from a clear, clean, smart, also over-smart, little book, in which I was for the first time brought plainly face to face with a reverse and perverse kind of genealogical hypothesis, the truly *English* kind, —a book which attracted me with that attractive force, peculiar to all things contrary, all things antipodal. The title of the little book was, *The Origin of Moral Sensations;** its author Dr. Paul Rée; the year of its publication 1877. Never perhaps have I read aught, to which, proposition by proposition, conclusion by conclusion, I said in like emphatic manner No, as I did to this book: yet without

* *Der Ursprung der moralischen Empfindungen.*

the slightest vexation or impatience. In the work afore-mentioned, at which then I laboured, I made reference, opportunely and inopportunely, to the statements of Dr. Rée's book, not with the intention of refuting them —for what have I to do with refutations!—but as befits a positive mind, placing instead of the improbable the more probable thing, or, as the case might be, in place of one error another. Then, as stated, I advanced for the first time those derivational hypotheses, to which these essays are devoted,—awkwardly, as I would least of all hide from myself, still unfree, still without an original language for these original things, with much relapsing and wavering. Regarding single points, I refer to my observations in *Human, All-too-human,* aph. 45 on the two-fold derivation of Good and Evil (to wit, from the sphere of the gentlemen and of the slaves); also aph. 136 ff. on the origin and value of ascetic morals; also aph. 96, 99, 11, aph. 89 on "morality of custom," that far older and far more original kind of morality, which is removed *toto cœlo* from the altruistic manner of valuation (which Dr. Rée, like all English genealogists of morals, holds to be the manner of moral valuation *as such*); also aph. 92. *Wanderer,* aph. 26. *Dawn of the Day,* aph. 112 on the origin of justice, as a compensation between the approximately equally-potent (balance of power being the fundamental condition of all treaties, *i. e,* of all law); also on the origin of punishment, *Wanderer,*

aph. 23, 33, for which purposes of determent are neither essential, nor original (as Dr. Rée thinks) ;—on the contrary, they are superadded, under certain circumstances, to punishment, and are always something secondary, something adventitious.

5

At bottom, something far more important interested me when I wrote that than any hypothetical concern, of my own or of others, relative to the origin of morality (or, more exactly stated : the latter only interested me because of an end to which it is one among many means). The question with me was the *value* of morality, —and on this point I had to settle accounts almost exclusively with my great teacher Schopenhauer, to whom as to one present that book,—the ardour and secret opposition of that book—is directed (for that book also was "controversial"). More especially, the point in question was the value of "unselfishness," of the sympathising, self-denying, self-sacrificing instincts, which Schopenhauer had persistently just gilded over, deified and beyondified, to such an extent, that finally they remained to him as the "values as such," on the basis of which he *said No* to life and also to himself. But against *these* very instincts an ever more fundamental suspicion, an ever deeper-digging scepticism within me gave utterance ! Just here I saw the *great* danger threatening mankind, the sublimest entice-

ment and seduction—whither? into the Nothing?—Just here I saw the beginning of the end, the stopping, the retrospective weariness, the will turning itself *against* life, the final disease announcing itself softly and melancholily. To me this ever further spreading morality of sympathy, attacking and prostrating even philosophers, revealed itself as the most dismal symptom of our dismal-grown European civilisation, as its round-about way to a new Buddhism? to a European Buddhism? to—*Nihilism?* For this modern philosopher's predilection for and over-valuing of sympathy is something altogether new: even on the *worthlessness* of sympathy philosophers hitherto were agreed. I but mention the names of Plato, Spinoza, La Rochefoucauld and Kant, four minds differing as much as possible from one another, but of common opinion in this one point: in the underestimation of sympathy.

6

The problem of the *value* of sympathy and morality of sympathy (I am an opponent of shameful modern effeminacy of sentiment) seems, at first sight, to be something isolated,—a single interrogation-mark; but he who will pause here and will *learn* to question here, will fare even as I have fared: a vast, new prospect reveals itself to him, a possibility seizes upon him like some giddiness; every kind of distrust, suspicion, fear springs up; the faith in morality, in all

morality, is shaken,—and finally, a new demand makes itself felt. Let us pronounce this *new demand:* we stand in need of a criticism of moral values; *the value of these values is first of all itself to be put in question*—and to this end a knowledge is necessary of the conditions and circumstances from which they grew and under which they developed and shifted in meaning (morality as effect, as symptom, as mask, as tartuffism, as disease, as misunderstanding; but also, morality as cause, as remedy, as stimulant, as impediment, as poison),—a knowledge which hitherto was not existent, nay, not even desired. The *value* of these "values" was taken for granted, as a matter of fact, as being beyond all putting-in-question. Never until now was there the least doubt or hesitation, to set down "the good man" as of higher value than "the evil man,"—of higher value in the sense of furtherance, utility, prosperity as regards *man* in general (the future of man included). What if the reverse were true? What if in the "good one" also a symptom of decline were contained, and a danger, a seduction, a poison, a narcotic by which the present might live at *the expense of the future?* Perhaps more comfortably, less dangerously, but also in humbler style,—more meanly? . . . . So that just morality were to blame, if a *highest mightiness and splendour* of the type of man—possible in itself—were never attained? And that, therefore, morality itself would be the danger of dangers? . . . .

7

Suffice it to say, that I myself had reasons, since this prospect presented itself to me, to look about for scholarly, bold and industrious fellow-workers (I am still looking at this moment). Our task is to travel through the wide-spread, distant and so very hidden land of morality—of morality once actually existing and experienced—with altogether new questions and, as it were, new eyes: and is not this almost equivalent to *discovering* this land itself? . . . . If, in so doing, I thought among others also of the aforesaid Dr. Rée, I did so, not doubting in the least that the nature of the problems confronting him would force him to adopt a more suitable methodic for enabling him to arrive at answers. Have I been deceived? My desire it was, at all events, to point out to so keen and impartial an eye a safer direction, the direction to the real *history of morality* and to warn him betimes against such an English fashion of hypothesising *into the blue*. For it is plain on the face of it, what colour must be a hundred times more important to the genealogist of morals than the blue: namely *the gray, i. e.*, what is documental, actually-determinable, and was once actually-existing, in short, the whole long and not easily decipherable hieroglyphics of the past of human morality!—Of *this* history Dr. Rée knew nothing; but he had read Darwin;

and so, in a manner quite entertaining at least, the Darwinian beast and the most modern and modest morality-tenderling, who "no longer bites," in his hypotheses gracefully join hands,—the latter with a kind of good-natured, complacent and indolent expression of countenance, to which even a grain of pessimism and fatigue is added, as if it were hardly worth while to take all these things—the problems of morality—as serious. To me, on the other hand, there seems to be nothing which it *pays* so well to take seriously; in which pay is included, for instance, the permission of taking these things some day *cheerfully*. Cheerfulness, to wit, or, expressing myself my own way, *joyful science*—is a reward, a reward for a long, brave, laborious, subterranean earnestness, which of course not each and every one will share. But on the day in which with full heart we say: "Forward, march! our old morality *too* is a *piece of comedy!*" on that day we shall have discovered a new complication and possibility for the Dionysian drama of the "fate of the soul"—and he will know how to make use of it, we may be sure—he, the grand, old and eternal comedian of our existence! . . . .

8

If this tract reads unintelligibly to some one and will not easily pass into the ears, the fault, it seems to me, is not necessarily mine. It is clear enough, presuppos-

ing, what I did presuppose, that my earlier writings have first been read and that, in so doing, a little trouble was not shunned: they are, indeed, not easily accessible. As regards, for instance, my Zarathustra, no one will pass for a *connoisseur* of it with me, whom each word in it did not at some time deeply wound and at some time deeply delight. Then only will he be allowed to enjoy the privilege of piously taking his share of the halcyonic element from which the work has sprung, of its sunny brightness, distance, breadth and certainty. In other cases the aphoristical form occasions difficulty: the reason is, that this form is not *taken weightily enough* at present. An aphorism honestly coined and shaped, in being read is as yet far from being "deciphered;" on the contrary, the *interpretation* now really has to commence, for which purpose a special art of interpretation is needed. In the third essay of this book I have presented a specimen of what in such cases I call interpretation: the essay itself is headed by an aphorism, of which it is the commentary. To practise reading in this manner, as an *art,* one thing of course is necessary, which today has been best forgotten—and hence the "readableness" of my writings is in no hurry,—for which thing it is almost necessary to be a cow and certainly *not* a modern man: *chewing the cud* is necessary . . . .

Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine,
July 1887.

FIRST ESSAY

"GOOD AND EVIL," "GOOD AND BAD"

These English psychologists, to whom, among other things, we owe the only attempts hitherto made to bring about a history of the origin of morality,—they give us in their own persons no slight riddle to solve; they have even, if I may confess it, for this very reason, as living riddles, something distinctive in advance of their books—*they themselves are interesting!* These English phychologists—what is it they want? We find them, voluntarily or involuntarily, ever engaged in the same work,—the work of pushing into the foreground the *partie honteuse* of our inner world and of seeking for the really operative, really imperative and decisive factor in history just there, where the intellectual pride of man would least *wish* to find it (for example, in the *vis inertiæ* of custom or in forgetfulness or in some blind and accidental hooking-together and mechanism of ideas or in something purely-passive, automatic, reflex-motion-like, molecular and thoroughly stupid). What is it that always drives these psychologists into just *this* direction? Is it a secret, a malignant and mean instinct of belittling man, which is, perhaps, even

loath to confess itself? Or some pessimistic suspicion —the distrust of disappointed, morose, poisonous and angry-grown idealists? Or a little subterranean enmity and intrigue against Christianity (and Plato), which perhaps did not even pass the threshold of consciousness? Or even a libidinous taste for what is strange, painfully-paradoxical, questionable and nonsensical in existence? Or finally, a little of each, a little meanness, a little moroseness, a little anti-christianism, a little tickling and need of pepper? . . . . But I am told that they are in reality nothing but so many stale, cold and tiresome frogs, hopping about and creeping into man, as if here they felt themselves at home, in their proper element,—namely in a *swamp*. I hear this unwillingly; nay, I do not believe it. And if, where knowledge is denied to us, I may venture to express a wish, then I wish quite heartily that the reverse may be the case with them,—that these explorers and microscopists of the soul are, in reality, courageous, proud and magnanimous animals, who can, at will, set a curb to their heart, and also to their smart, and who have educated themselves to sacrifice all desirableness to truth, to *each* truth, even simple, bitter, ugly, repulsive, unchristian, immoral truth . . . . For there are such truths.

2

All due deference, therefore, to the good spirits who may hold sway in these historians of morality! But I

am sorry to say that they are certainly lacking in the *historical spirit,* that they have been, in fact, deserted by all good spirits of history itself. They think, each and every one, according to an old usage of philosophers, *essentially* unhistorically; no doubt whatever! The botchery of their genealogy of morals becomes manifest right at the outset in the determination of the origin of the concept and judgment "good." "Unselfish actions" —such is their decree—"were originally praised and denominated 'good' by those to whom they were manifested, *i. e.,* those to whom they were *useful;* afterwards, this origin of praise was *forgotten,* and unselfish actions, since they were always *accustomed* to be praised as good, were as a matter of course also felt as such, —as if, in themselves, they were something good." We see at once that this first derivation contains all the typical traits of English psychological idiosyncrasy, —we have "utility," "forgetting," "custom," and last of all "error," and all this as the basis of a valuation which hitherto formed the pride of superior man as being a kind of prerogative of man in general. This pride *must* be humbled, this valuation—devalued. Did they succeed in this? . . . . Now in the first place it is clear to me, that the true and primitive home of the concept "good" was sought for and posited at the wrong place: the judgment "good" was *not* invented by those to whom goodness was shown! On the contrary, the "good," *i. e.,* the noble, the powerful,

the higher-situated, the high-minded, felt and regarded themselves and their acting as of first rank, in contradistinction to everything low, low-minded, mean and vulgar. Out of this *pathos of distance* they took for themselves the right of creating values, of coining names for these values. What had they to do with utility! In the case of such a spontaneous manifestation and ardent ebullition of highest rank-regulating and rank-differentiating valuations, the point-of-view of utility is as distant and out of place as possible; for in such things the feelings have arrived at a point diametrically opposite to that low degree of heat which is presupposed by every kind of arithmetical prudence, every utilitarian calculation,—and not momentarily, not for a single, exceptional hour, but permanently. The pathos of nobility and distance, as I said, the lasting and dominating, the integral and fundamental feeling of a higher dominating kind of man in contradistinction to a lower kind, to a "below"—*such* is the origin of the antithesis "good" and "bad." (The right of masters to confer names goes so far that we might venture to regard the origin of language itself as a manifestation of power on the part of rulers. They say: "This *is* such and such," they seal every thing and every happening with a sound, and by this act take it, as it were, into possession). It follows from this derivation that the word "good" has *not* necessarily any connection with unselfish actions, as the superstition

of these genealogists of morals would have it. On the contrary, it is only when a *decline* of aristocratic valuations sets in, that this antithesis "selfish" and "unselfish" forces itself with constantly increasing vividness upon the conscience of man,—it is, if I may express myself in my own way, the *herding instinct* which by means of this antithesis succeeds at last in finding expression (and in coining words). And even after this event, a long time elapses before this instinct prevails to such an extent that the moral valuation makes halt at and actually sticks to this antithesis. (As in the case, for instance, of modern Europe. Today, the prejustice which regards "moral," "unselfish," "*désintéressé*," as notions of equal value, already holds sway with the force of a "fixed idea" and brain-disease).

3

But again: disregarding the historical untenableness of such an hypothesis on the origin of the valuation "good," it suffers from psychological self-contradiction. The utility, we are told, of an unselfish action accounts for the praise bestowed upon it, and this origin was afterwards *forgotten*. But, we ask, is this forgetting even so much as *possible?* Did the utility of such actions ever cease to exist at any time? The very opposite is the case. This utility was the every-day experience at all times, *i. e.*, something which again

and again was underscored anew; and which, therefore, could not only *not* disappear from consciousness or become forgettable, but actually had—with constantly increasing vividness—to impress itself upon consciousness. How much more reasonable is that opposite theory (it is, because more reasonable, not a bit more true), which, for instance, is represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer who regards the concept "good" to be essentially identical with the concept "useful," "suitable," so that precisely in the valuations "good" and "bad" mankind is said to have summed up and sanctioned its *unforgotten* and *unforgettable* experiences as to what is useful-suitable and harmful-unsuitable. Good, according to this theory, is that which at all times proved itself to be useful: hence it may keep its authority as "valuable in the highest degree," as "valuable in itself." This kind of explanation also, I say, is false, but the explanation itself is at least reasonable and psychologically tenable.

4

The hint which put me on the *right* track I received from the question as to the etymological signification of the names coined by different languages for denoting what is "good." Pushing this inquiry I found that they all pointed to one and the same *shifting of concepts,*—that "superior," "noble" in its caste sense, was in every instance the fundamental concept

from which "good" in the sense of "superior in sentiment," noble in the sense of "with lofty sentiment," "privileged in sentiment," necessarily developed;—a development running in all cases parallel with that other one which causes "mean," "mob-like," "common," to turn at last into the concept of "bad." The most striking instance, illustrating this latter development, is presented by the German word *"schlecht"* itself. It is identical with *"schlicht"* (simple). Compare *"schlechtweg"* (simply, plainly), and *"schlechterdings"* (absolutely). It denoted originally the simple, the ordinary man, in contradistinction to the gentleman, no secondary or equivocal sense attaching as yet to its meaning. About the time of the Thirty Years' War—quite late, we see—the sense shifted into that which obtains at present.—With reference to the genealogy of morals, this seems to me to be an *essential* discernment; the fact that it was found so late is to be attributed to the retarding influence which in the modern world the democratic prejudice exercises in regard to all questions of origin. And this prejudice extends even into the seemingly most objective territory of natural science and physiology, as we shall but take occasion to intimate in this connection. What amount of mischief this prejudice, once unbridled and become hatred, may cause, especially in the domain of morality and history, the notorious case of Buckle teaches us: the *plebeianism* of modern thought, which is of English origin,

broke out once again upon its native soil: violently, like some slimy volcano, and with that briny, boisterous, common eloquence, with which volcanoes at all times have spoken.

5

In respect to *our* problem, which for good reasons may be called a *silent* problem, and which with quite particular taste addresses itself to but few ears, it is of no small interest to establish that, in the case of the words and roots denoting "good," the principal *nuance* is in many cases still apparent, on the ground of which the gentlemen felt themselves as of higher rank. Most frequently, perhaps, they will simply name themselves according to their superiority of power (*i.e.*, the "mighty," the "lords," the "rulers,") or according to the most visible emblem of such superiority,—for instance "the rich," "the owners" (such is the sense of *arya*; and correspondingly in the Iranian and Slavic languages). But again, according to some *typical trait of character,* and this is the case which more especially interests us. They will, for instance, call themselves "the truthful:" this is shown most clearly in the case of Grecian nobility of which the Megarian poet Theognis is spokesman. The word ἐσθλός, coined for this purpose, signifies, in its root one who *is,* who has reality, who is real, who is true; then with a subjective turn, the true one as the truthful man; in this phase of shifting its

concept, it is made the watch- and catch-word of nobility and passes over entirely into the concept "noble," as a mark of distinction from the *lying* common man, as Theognis conceives and describes him,—till at last the same word, after the decline of nobility, simply remains to denote *noblesse* of soul, and now attains, as it were, to ripeness and sweetness. In the word κακός as in δειλός (the Plebeian in contradistinction to the man who is ἀγαθός), we find cowardice underscored. This may, perhaps, serve as a hint as to the direction in which we must seek for the etymological derivation of ἀγαθός, a word which allows several interpretations. In the case of the Latin *malus* (by the side of which I place μέλας), the dark-complexioned, especially the black-haired man (*"hic niger est"*) might possibly have been characterised, he being the pre-Aryan habitant of Italian soil, whom his colour marked out most clearly as against the prevailing, to wit, the Aryan conquering race. At any rate, the Gaelic furnished me with a precisely analogous case. *Fin* (for instance, in the name *Fin-Gal*), the word characterising nobility, denoting ultimately the good, the noble, the pure, originally the flaxen-haired man in contradistinction to the dark, black-haired aborigines. The Celts, it may be observed here, were throughout a blond race. We do wrong if, as is still done by Virchow, we connect those streaks of an essentially dark-haired population, noticeable on the more care-

fully prepared ethnographical maps of Germany, with some doubtful Celtic origin and blood-admixture. On the contrary, it is the *pre-Aryan* population which makes itself felt in such places. (The same holds true for almost the whole of Europe. All in all, the conquered race has there once more succeeded in getting the upper hand, in colour, in shortness of skull, nay, perhaps even in the intellectual and social instincts. Who will guarantee that modern democracy, anarchy, which is still more modern, and especially the hankering for *la commune,* the most primitive form of society, —which is held in common by all our European socialists, do not represent in the main an immense *afterclap,* and that the conquering and *gentleman race,* the race of the Aryans, is not among other things physiologically succumbing? . . . .). Latin *bonus* I think I may interpret as the warrior: granting, that I correctly trace back *bonus* to an older *duonus* (compare *bellum* = *duellum* = *duen-lum,* in which latter form I suppose *duonus* to be contained. *Bonus,* therefore, would be the man of quarrel, of dissension *(duo)*, the warrior: we see, what constituted the "goodness" of a man in ancient Rome. Our own German *"gut,"*—might it not denote "one godlike," the man of divine origin? And be identical with the name "Goths," denoting the people (originally, the nobility)? The reasons for such a supposition do not belong here.

6

To this law,—that the concept of political precedence finally passes over into a concept of precedence of sentiment—, it is as yet not an exception (though it furnishes occasion for exceptions), if the highest caste is at the same time the *priestly* caste and, consequently, as its collective name, fixes upon a predicate which points to its priestly function. Here, for instance, "pure" and "impure" are, for the first time, contrasted as caste distinctions, and here also a "good" and "bad" are afterwards developed which have lost their caste sense. In general, the warning may be pronounced here, not to take, from the very outset, these concepts "pure" and "impure" as too important, too comprehensive or even symbolical: on the contrary, all concepts of infantile mankind were at first understood—to an extent which we can hardly realise—in a rough-hewn, heavy, superficial, narrow, straight-forward and, above all, *unsymbolical,* way. "Pure" man is, from the very beginning, merely one who washes himself; who abstains from certain aliments liable to beget skin-diseases; who will not lie with the filthy women of the common people; who betrays a horror of blood; —he is no more, not much more! The very nature of a prevailingly priestly aristocracy makes clear, on the other hand, why precisely here the antitheses of valuation could be sharpened and deepened in a danger-

ous way at an early time; and indeed, through these antitheses, chasms were finally opened between man and man, which even an Achilles of free-thinking will tremble to leap over. From the very beginning, there is something *unhealthy* in such priestly aristocracies, and the habits which prevail in them are adverse to action, partly given to brooding, partly indulging in explosions of the feelings, and are almost inevitably followed by that intestinal morbidity and neurasthenia occurring almost inevitably in the priests of every age. As to the remedy, however, invented by themselves against this—their specific—morbidity, is it not true that in its final effects it has proved a hundred times more dangerous than the disease for which it was intended as a cure? Mankind itself still suffers from the effects of these priestly *naïvetés* in the art of curing. Let us, for instance, but call to our minds certain kinds of diet (abstention from meat), fasting, sexual abstinence, the flight "into the desert" (Weir-Mitchell's isolation,—of course without the subsequent fattening and hypertrophy, which form the most effective preventive of all hysteria of the ascetic ideal), as also all priestly metaphysics inimical to the senses—sloth-begetting, and subtilising, priestly self-hypnotisation in the manner of the Fakirs and the Brahmans—Brahman used as glass-button and fixed idea—and that which in the end follows but too naturally, the general state of being satiated with this radical cure,

the *Nothing* (or God—the longing for an *unio mystica* with God is the longing of the Buddhist to go into the Nothing, Nirvâna—it is no more!) In the case of priests, we observe, *everything* becomes more dangerous; not only the means and art of curing, but also their pride, vengeance, sagacity, intemperance, love, imperiousness, virtue, sickness. Of course, we might also add, with some degree of fairness, that only on the basis of this *essentially dangerous* form of existence of man—the priestly form—has man come to be *an interesting animal,* that only here the human soul has, in a higher sense, gained *depth* and become *evil.* And are not these the two fundamental forms of man's superiority over the remaining animal world? . . .

7

The reader will have conjectured by this time, how readily the priestly manner of valuation will branch off from that of the chivalric-aristocratic caste and *develop* into the antithesis of it; which is especially prone to happen whenever the priest and the warrior-caste jealously oppose each other and fail to come to an agreement as to the prize. The chivalric-aristocratic valuations presuppose a powerful corporality, a vigorous, exuberant, ever-extravagant health, and all that is necessary for its preservation,—war, adventure, hunting, dancing, sports, and in general, all that involves strong, free and cheerful activity. The priestly-

aristocratic valuation has—as we have seen—other presuppositions: so much the worse it fares in case of war! The priests are, as is well known, the *worst enemies*—and why? Because they are the most impotent. From impotence in their case hatred grows into forms immense and dismal, the most spiritual and most poisonous forms. The greatest haters in history were, at all times, priests; and they were also the haters with the most *esprit*. Indeed, compared with the *esprit* of priestly vindictiveness, all the remaining intelligence is scarcely worth consideration. Human history would be an extremely stupid affair, but for the *esprit* brought into it by the impotent. Let us at once consider the greatest instance! All that has ever been accomplished on earth against the "noble," the "powerful," the "lords," the "mighty" is not worth speaking of, when compared with that which *the Jews* have done against them; the Jews, that priestly people, which finally succeeded in procuring satisfaction for itself from its enemies and conquerors only by a transvaluation of their values, *i. e.*, an act of the keenest, *most spiritual vengeance*. Thus only it befitted a priestly people—the people of the most powerfully suppressed, priestly vindictiveness. It was the Jews who, with most frightfully consistent logic, dared to subvert the aristocratic equation of values (good = noble = powerful = beautiful = happy = beloved of God), and who, with the teeth of the profoundest

hatred (the hatred of impotency), clung to their own valuation: "The wretched alone are the good; the poor, the impotent, the lowly alone are the good; only the sufferers, the needy, the sick, the ugly are pious; only they are godly; them alone blessedness awaits;—but ye, ye, the proud and potent, ye are for aye and evermore the wicked, the cruel, the lustful, the insatiable, the godless; ye will also be, to all eternity, the unblessed, the cursed and the damned!" . . . . It is known *who* has been the inheritor of this Jewish transvaluation . . . . In regard to the enormous initiative fatal, beyond all measure, which the Jews gave by this most fundamental declaration of war, I refer to the proposition which elsewhere presented itself to me *(Beyond Good and Evil,* aph. 195)—namely, that with the Jews the *slave-revolt in morality* begins: that revolt, which has a history of two thousand years behind it, and which to-day is only removed from our vision because it—has been victorious . . . .

8

But this ye do not understand? Ye are blind to something which needed two thousand years ere it came to be triumphant? There is nothing in it surprising to me: all *long* things are hard to see, hard to survey. But *this* is the event: from the trunk of that tree of revenge and hatred, Jewish hatred—the deepest and sublimest hatred, *i. e.,* a hatred which

creates ideals and transforms values, and which never had its like upon earth—something equally incomparable grew up, a *new love,* the deepest and sublimest kind of love:—and, indeed, from what other trunk could it have grown? . . . . Quite wrong it is, however, to suppose, that this love grew up as the true negation of that thirst of vengeance, as the antithesis of the Jewish hatred! No, the reverse is true! This love grew out of this trunk, as its crown,—as the crown of triumph, which spread its foliage ever farther and wider in clearest brightness and fulness of sunshine, and which with the same vitality strove upwards, as it were, in the realm of light and elevation and towards the goals of that hatred, towards victory, spoils, and seduction, with which the roots of that hatred penetrated ever more and more profoundly and eagerly into everything deep and evil. This Jesus of Nazareth, as the personified gospel of love, this saviour bringing blessedness and victory unto the poor, the sick, the sinners—did he not represent seduction in its most awful and irresistible form—the seduction and by-way to those same *Jewish* values and new ideals? Has not Israel, even by the round-about-way of this "redeemer," this seeming adversary and destroyer of Israel, attained the last goal of its sublime vindictiveness? Does it not belong to the secret black-art of truly *grand* politics of vengeance, of a vengeance far-seeing, underground, slowly-gripping and fore-

reckoning, that Israel itself should deny and crucify before all the world the proper tool of its vengeance, as though it were something deadly inimical,—so that "all the world," namely all enemies of Israel, might quite unhesitatingly bite at this bait? And could, on the other hand, any still *more dangerous* bait be imagined, even with the utmost refinement of spirit? Could we conceive anything which, in influence seducing, intoxicating, narcotising, corrupting, might equal that symbol of the "sacred cross," that awful paradox of a "God on the cross," that mystery of an unfathomable, ultimate, extremest cruelty and self-crucifixion of God *for the salvation of man?* . . . . Thus much is certain, that *sub hoc signo* Israel, with its vengeance and transvaluation of all values, has so far again and again triumphed over all other ideals, over all *nobler* ideals.

9

"But, Sir, why still speak of *nobler* ideals? Let us submit to the facts: the folk has conquered—or the "slaves," or the "mob," or the "herd" or—call it what you will! If this has come about through the Jews, good! then never a people had a more world-historic mission. The "lords" are done away with; the morality of the common man has triumphed. This victory may at the same time be regarded as an act of blood-poisoning (it has jumbled the races together)—I shall not object. But, beyond a doubt, the intoxication *did*

succeed. The redemption of mankind (from "the lords," to wit) is making excellent headway; everything judaïses, christianises or vulgarises in full view (words are no matter!). The progress of this poisoning, through the entire body of mankind, seems irresistible; the *tempo* and step of it may even be, from now on, ever slower, finer, less audible, more cautious —time is not wanting .... "With reference to this end has the church to-day still a *necessary* mission, or even a right to existence? Or could it be dispensed with? *Quæritur*. It seems, as though it rather impedes and retards this progress, instead of hastening it? But perhaps this very fact constitutes its utility .... At all events, the church is something coarse and rustic; something repugnant to a more delicate intelligence, to a truly modern taste. Should it not at least refine itself a little? .... It rather tends to estrange to-day than to seduce .... Who among us would be a free-thinker, if there were no church? It is the church that we disrelish, *not* its poison .... Disregarding the church, we even love the poison ...." Such is the epilogue of a "free-thinker" to my disquisition,—an honest animal, as he abundantly betrayed, moreover a democrat; he had been attentive until then, and could not suffer to see me silent. For, for me there are here many things about which I must be silent.

10

The slave-revolt in morality begins by *resentment* itself becoming creative and giving birth to values—the *resentment* of such beings, as real reaction, the reaction of deeds, is impossible to, and as nothing but an imaginary vengeance will serve to indemnify. Whereas, on the one hand, all noble morality takes its rise from a triumphant Yea-saying to one's self, slave-morality will, on the other hand, from the very beginning, say No to something "exterior," "different," "not-self;" *this* No being its creative deed. This reversion of the value-positing eye—this *necessary* glance outwards instead of backwards upon itself—is part of *resentment*. Slave-morality, in order to arise, needs, in the first place, an opposite and outer world; it needs, physiologically speaking, external irritants, in order to act at all;—its action is, throughout, reaction. The reverse is true in the case of noble valuation. It acts and grows spontaneously. It only seeks for its antithesis in order to say, still more thankfully, still more rejoicingly, Yea to itself. Its negative concept "low," "mean," "bad," is merely a late-born and pale after-image in comparison with the positive fundamental concept of the noble valuation which is thoroughly saturated with life and passion, and says: "We, the noble, we, the good, we, the fair, we, the happy!" If the noble manner of valuation

mistakes in, and sins against reality, this happens in respect to the sphere, which is not sufficiently known to it,—the true knowledge of which, in fact, it stubbornly opposes. Under certain circumstances it will mistake the sphere it despises, the sphere of the common man, of the lower people. On the other hand, one should observe that in any case the emotion of contempt, of looking down upon, of looking superior, (supposing even that the picture of the despised be *falsified* by it) will remain far behind the falsification, with which suppressed hatred, the revenge of the impotent, will—of course *in effigy*—maltreat its opponent. Indeed, too much carelessness, too much easy-taking, too much looking away, too much impatience, nay, even too much self-rejoicing, are admixed with contempt, to transform its object into a monster and caricature. One should not fail to take notice of the almost benignant nuances, which *e. g.*, Grecian nobility puts into all words with which it contrasts the common people with itself; how a kind of pity, regardfulness and indulgence is mixed and sugared into such words, with the result, that nearly all expressions characterising the common man, finally remain as mere denominations for "unhappy," "pitiable" (compare δειλός, δείλαιος, πονηρός, μοχθηρός—the two latter words originally denoting the common man as working-slave and beast of burden)—and how, on the other hand, "bad," "low," "unhappy," always suggested

to the Greek ear a tone in which the timbre "unhappy" preponderated: as being the inheritance of an ancient nobler and aristocratic manner of valuation, which even in the act of despising remains true to itself (philologists may be reminded here of the sense in which οϊζυρός, ἄνολβος, τλήμων, δυστυχεῖν, ξυμφορά are used). The "well-born" naturally *felt* themselves as the "happy;" they did not find it necessary to construct, through a glance at their enemies, their happiness artificially; as the case might be, talk it into themselves, *lie* themselves into it (as is the practice of all men of resentment); and again, as complete men, men teeming with strength and, therefore, of *necessity* active men, they could not sever happiness from action,—activity with them being the necessary concomitant of happiness (hence the derivation of εὖ πράττειν). All this is quite in contrast with the "happiness" which is felt in the state of the impotent, the oppressed, those suppurative from venomous and hostile feelings, with whom it appears mainly as narcosis, numbness, rest, peace, "Sabbath," unharnessing of the mind, and stretching of the limbs, in short, is a *passive* state. Whereas, on the one hand, the life of the noble man is self-confident and self-sincere (γενναῖος "noble-born" underscores the nuance "sincere" and perhaps also "naïve"), the man of resentment, on the other hand, is neither sincere, nor naïve, neither honest nor straight-forward against himself. His soul

squints; his mind loves hiding-places, alleys and back-doors; everything hidden appeals to him as *his* world, *his* shelter, *his* comfort; he is master in the art of keeping silence, of forgetting nothing, of waiting, of provisional self-diminution, of self-humiliation. A race of such men of resentment will at last, of necessity, be more *prudent* than any noble race; it will also learn to appreciate prudence in quite different measure: namely, as a primary condition of existence; whereas prudence in the case of noble men is very apt to have about it a dainty tang of luxury and *raffinement.* For in their case prudence is far less essential than the perfect reliableness of function of the regulating, *unconscious* instincts or even a certain imprudence, such as readiness to encounter things—whether danger or an enemy—or that eccentric suddenness of anger, love, reverence, gratitude and revenge, by which noble souls at all times have recognised themselves as such. Even the resentment of superior man, when it appears in him, acts and exhausts itself in the reaction which follows at once, and hence it does not *poison.* And again, it will not manifest itself at all in countless cases, in which with the poor and the feeble it is inevitable. Not to be able to take seriously, for a long time, an enemy, or a misfortune or even one's own *misdeeds*—is the characteristic of strong and full natures, abundantly endowed with plastic, formative, restorative, also obliterative force (a good example of this,

in recent times, is Mirabeau, who had no memory for insults and affronts received, and who could not forgive for the sole reason that—he forgot). Such a man, with a single jerk, shakes off much vermin which burrows in others. Only here is also possible, if on earth it be possible at all, true "*love*" for one's enemies. How much veneration for his enemy has not superior man!—and such veneration is already a bridge to love .... He demands an enemy for himself, as his distinction, he will only suffer an enemy in whom he finds nothing to despise and *very much* to honour! On the other hand, let us figure to ourselves the enemy as conceived by the man of resentment—just therein, we shall have his deed, his creation: he has conceived the "foul fiend," "*the Evil* one," as his fundamental concept, proceeding from which he now conceives also a complementary image and counterpart, a "Good one" himself! ....

11

Quite reversely, therefore, from superior man, with whom the fundamental concept "good" is the primary and spontaneous conception, proceeding from himself, out of which he will subsequently create for himself an idea of "bad!" This "bad" of superior origin and that "evil" from the brew-kettle of unquenched hatred—the former an after-creation, something accidental, a complementary colour; the latter the original, the

beginning, the real *deed* in the conception of slave-morality—how different an aspect is offered by these two words "bad" and "evil," though, seemingly, they are opposed to one and the same concept *viz.*, "good!" But it is *not* the same concept "good." On the contrary, let people ask themselves, from the standpoint of resentment morality, as to *who* is "evil?" Answering in all severity: just the "good" one of the opposite morality, even the noble man, the powerful and the ruling one,—but reversely coloured, reversely interpreted, reversely looked at through the venom-eye of resentment. Here let us deny one thing least of all. He, who learned to know these good ones only as enemies, in so doing learned to know only *evil enemies,* and those very men, who by manners, reverence, usage, gratitude and still more by mutual superintendence, by jealousy *inter pares,* are rigorously held within bounds, and who, on the other hand, in their conduct among one another prove themselves so inventive in regardfulness, self-restraint, delicacy, faith, pride and friendship,—these same men are towards that which is without, which to them is foreign, a foreign land, not much better than so many disencaged beasts of prey. Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint; the wilderness must compensate them for the tension produced by a long incarceration and impalement in the "peace" of society; they step *back* into the innocence of the conscience of the beast of

prey, as exultant monsters, which, perhaps, walk away from an abominable sequence of murder, burning down, violation, torture, with such wantonness and equanimity, as if merely some student-trick had been accomplished; with the conviction, that now for a long time again the poets will have something to celebrate and sing of. At the ground of all these noble races, the beast of prey, the splendid, *blond beast,* lustfully roving in search of spoils and victory, cannot be mistaken. An outlet is necessary from time to time for this hidden ground; the animal must come out again, must go back into wilderness: Roman, Arabian, Germanic, Japanese nobility, Homeric heroes, Scandinavian vikings—in this need they all are *one.* It is the noble races, that left the concept "barbarian" on every trace, wherever they passed; even in their highest civilisation the consciousness of this fact is visible and even a certain pride in it (for instance, when Pericles addresses his Athenians in that celebrated funeral oration: "In every land and sea, our boldness has cut a way for itself, setting up for itself, everywhere, imperishable monuments for good and *for bad.*"). This "boldness" of the noble races, foolhardy, absurd, sudden, as is its manifestation; what is unforeseeable, and even improbable of their enterprises—Pericles speaks highly of the ῥᾳθυμία of the Athenians—, their indifference and contempt for safety, life, body, comfort; their terrible gaiety and profundity of delight in all destruction, in all blisses of victory

and cruelty—all this, to the minds of those, who suffered from it, finally was united into the picture of the "barbarian," of the "foul fiend," as the case might be, of the "Goth" or the "Vandal." The deep, icy mistrust, which the German causes, as soon as he attains to power, also now again,—is still the after-clap of that unquenchable horror, with which Europe, for centuries, witnessed the raging of the blond Germanic beast (although between the ancient *Germanics* and us Germans there exists scarcely a relationship of ideas, not to say blood-relationship). I have called attention on one occasion to the embarrassment of Hesiod, when contriving the sequence of the ages of civilisation and seeking to express it in gold, silver and bronze: with the contradictions presented to him by the glorious, but likewise so awful, so violent world of Homer, he could only settle by making two ages of one, which he placed in succession —first the age of the heroes and demigods of Troy and Thebes, as that world had remained fixed in the memory of noble families, who traced their ancestry back to it; then the age of bronze, as that same world appeared to the descendants of the down-trodden, robbed, maltreated, of those led into captivity and sold as slaves: an age of bronze, as I mentioned, stern, cold, cruel, devoid of feeling and of conscience, demolishing and dyeing all things in blood. Assuming it to be true, what now at all events is be-

lieved as "truth," that this is the very *sense of all civilisation:* to change and rear the beast of prey of "man" into a tame and civilised animal, a *domestic* animal,—then undoubtedly all those instincts of reaction and resentment, by the aid of which the noble families and their ideals were at last overcome and debased, would have to be regarded as the proper *tools of civilisation,* which, however, would not mean that the *bearers* of such tools represented civilisation themselves. The contrary is not only probable – no! it is to-day *evidential!* These bearers of prostrating and vengeance-craving instincts, the progeny of all European and non-European serfdom, of all pre-Aryan populations in particular—they represent the *decline* of mankind! These "tools of civilisation" are the shame of man, and rather a suspicion, a counter-argument against "civilisation" in general. We may be fully right if the fear of the blond beast lurking at the bottom of all noble races will not leave us, and if we are on the look-out; but who would not a hundred times sooner fear—if, at the same time, he may admire—than have *nothing* to fear, but, at the same time, not be able to rid himself of the loathsome sight of the ill-constituted, the stinted, the stunted and the poisoned? And is not this *our* doom? What, to-day, constitutes our aversion from "man?" For we *suffer* from man, no doubt whatever! *Not* fear, but the fact that we have no longer anything in man

to fear; that the vermin "man" is in the foreground and majority; that "tame" man, man hale and hopelessly mediocre and disagreeable has already learned to feel himself as the end and aim, as the sense of history, as "higher man;"—in fact that he has a certain right to feel himself as such, inasmuch as he feels himself at a distance from the superabundance of that which is spoiled, sickly, weary and worn-out, of which Europe begins to stink to-day,—hence, at any rate, as something relatively perfect, something still capable of life, something still saying Yea to life . . . .

12

Here I shall not suppress a sigh and a last confidence. What is it that just I find intolerable? That, which alone I cannot away with; which makes me suffocate and pine? Bad air! Bad air! That something ill-constituted comes near me; that I must smell the entrails of an abortive soul! . . . . How much need, privation, bad weather, sickness, hardship, isolation, can we not ordinarily stand? In fact, we get through everything else, born as we are for a subterranean and warring existence; we always again succeed in coming up to light, we always again live to see our golden hour of victory,—and then we stand as we have been born, infrangible, with tension, prepared for things new, still more difficult, still more distant, like some bow which by every danger is

stretched only still more tightly. But from time to time permit me—assuming that there are heavenly patronesses, beyond Good and Evil— a glance, permit me but *one* glance upon something perfect, something completely finished, something happy, mighty, triumphant, in which there is still something to be feared! Upon a man that justifies *man;* upon a complementary, lucky and redeeming case of man, which vindicates our *faith in man!* For thus it is: the dwarfing and levelling of European man hides *our* greatest danger, for this sight makes weary. We see, to-day, nothing which will grow larger; we divine, that it goes still downwards, ever downwards, downwards into the thinner, into the more good-natured, the more prudent, the more comfortable, the more mediocre, the more indifferent, the more Chinese, the more Christian. Man, no doubt whatever, grows ever "better" .... Even here lies the doom of Europe—with the fear of man, we have lost also the love and reverence for man, the hope in man, in fact, the will to man. The sight of man now makes tired. What, to-day, is nihilism if not *this?* .... We are *tired of man* ....

13

But to revert to our theme: the problem of the *other* origin of "good," of "good" as conceived by the man of resentment, calls for its settlement.—That the lambs should bear a grudge to the big

birds of prey, is nowise strange; but this is no reason for blaming the big birds of prey for picking up small lambs. And if the lambs say among themselves: "These rapacious birds are wicked; and he who is as little as possible of a bird of prey, but rather the opposite, *i. e.*, a lamb—should not he be good?" we cannot find fault with the establishment of such an ideal, though the birds of prey may make rather mocking eyes and say: "*We* do not bear at all a grudge to them, these good lambs, we even love them. Nothing is more delicious than a tender lamb." To demand of strength, that it should *not* manifest itself as strength, that it should *not* be a will to overpower, to subdue, to become master of, that it should *not* be a thirst for enemies, resistance, and triumphs, is as absurd as to demand of weakness that it should manifest itself as strength. A quantum of power is an equal quantum of impulse, will, action. More correctly speaking, it is even this impelling, willing, acting itself, and nothing else,—and it is caused to appear otherwise only through the seduction of language (and the cardinal errors of reason, fossilised in language)—which takes and mistakes all action as conditioned by something acting, by a "subject." Even as the people will separate the lightning from its flash and take the latter for the *doing*, the effect of a subject called lightning, so popular morality will sever strength from the manifestations of strength, as if behind the strong man there existed an indifferent

substratum which *is free* to manifest strength or not. But there is no such substratum; there is no "being" behind doing, acting, becoming. "The doer" is merely a fictitious addition to the doing; the "doing" is all. People in reality double the doing when they make the lightning flash. That is a doing-doing; the same happening being once posited as the cause and again as the effect of the cause. Natural philosophers do not much better when they say that power moves, power causes, and the like. All our science, despite all its coolness, its freedom from emotion, still labours under the seduction of language and has not yet got rid of the changelings which were foisted in, the "subjects" (the "atom," *e. g.,* is one of these changelings, also the Kantian "thing in itself"). No wonder, therefore, if the suppressed and secretly glowing emotions, hatred and revenge, avail themselves of this belief and, in fact, support no belief with so much zeal as this, that the *strong are free* to be weak, and that a rapacious bird can, if it will, be a lamb. For in this way they appropriate in their minds the right of *imputing* to the bird of prey the fact that it is rapacious . . . . If the suppressed, the down-trodden and the wronged, prompted by the craft of impotence, say to themselves: "Let us be different from the bad, let us be good! and good are all those who wrong no one, who never violate, who never attack, who never retaliate, who entrust revenge to God, who, like us,

live aloof from the world, who avoid all contact with evil, and who, altogether, demand little of life, as we do, the patient, the humble, the just"—this means, viewed coolly and unprejudicially, no more than: "We, the weak, are,—it is a fact—weak; it is well for us not to do anything, *for which we are not strong enough.*" But this stern matter of fact, this meanest kind of prudence, shared even by insects (which occasionally simulate death, in order not to do "too much" in case of great danger), has, thanks to the trickery and self-imposition of impotence, clothed itself in the apparel of renouncing, silent, abiding virtue, as if the weakness of the weak one itself, *i. e.,* presumably his *being,* his action, his entire, unavoidable, inseparable reality—were a voluntary performance, a thing self-willed, self-chosen, a *deed,* a *desert.* To this kind of man, the *necessity* of the belief in an indifferent, free-willed "subject" is prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, self-assertion,—an instinct by which every falsehood uses to sanctify itself. The subject (or, speaking more popularly, the *soul*) has perhaps been, so far, the best religious tenet on earth, even for the reason that it made possible for the majority of mortals, the weak and oppressed of every description, that sublime self-defraudation of interpreting weakness itself as freedom, the fact of their being thus and thus as a *desert.*

14

Will some one look down and into the secret of the way in which *ideals are manufactured* on earth? Who has the courage to do so? Up! Here the view into this dark work-shop is open. Yet a moment, my good Sir Pry and Break-neck! Your eye must first get accustomed to this false and fickle light . . . . So! Enough! Now speak! What is going on below? Speak out, what you see, man of most dangerous curiosity! Now I am the listener.—

"I see nothing, I hear the more. It is a cautious, knavish, suppressed mumbling and muttering together in every nook and corner. It seems to me they lie. A sugared mildness cleaves to every sound. Weakness is to be falsified into *desert,* no doubt whatever —it is as you said."—

Go on!

—"And impotence which requiteth not is to be falsified into "goodness;" timorous meanness into "humility;" submission to those whom one hates into "obedience" (namely to one who they say commands this obedience; they call him God). The inoffensiveness of the "weak one," cowardice itself, in which he is rich, his standing at the door, his unavoidable necessity of waiting comes here by good names, such as "patience;" they even call it *the cardinal virtue.* Not-to-be-able-to-take-revenge is called not-to-will-revenge, perhaps even

forgiveness ("for *they* know not what they do; we alone know what *they* do"). They also talk of "love for their enemies"—and sweat in doing so."

On!

"They are wretched, no doubt, all these mumblers and underground forgers, though warmly seated together. But they tell me that their wretchedness is a selection and distinction from God, that the dogs which are liked most are whipped, that their misery may, perhaps, also be a preparation, a trial, a schooling, perhaps even more—something which at some time to come will be requited and paid back with immense interest in gold, no! in happiness. This they call "blessedness."

On!

"Now they will have me understand, that not only they are better than the mighty, the lords of the earth, whose spittle they must lick (*not* from fear, no, not at all from fear! but because God commands to have respect for all authority)—that not only they *are* better, but are also, or certainly will be, "better off" one day. But enough! enough! I cannot stand it any longer. Bad air! Bad air! This work-shop in which *ideals are manufactured*—methinks, it stinks from lying all over."

No! Yet a moment! You have not yet said anything of the masterpiece of these necromancers, who from every black prepare white, milk and inno-

cence. Did you notice what the very acme of their *raffinement* is,—their keenest, finest, subtlest, falsest artist manipulation? Mark well! These cellar-animals filled with hatred and revenge—what is it they are making just out of hatred and revenge? Have you ever heard such words? Would you believe, if trusting merely their words, that you are all among beings of resentment? . . . .

"I perceive, once again I open my ears (ah! ah! ah! and *shut* my nose). Now only I hear, what they were saying so often: "We, the good, *we are the just.*" What they ask for, they do not call retribution, but "the triumph of *justice;*" what they hate, is not their enemy, no! they hate "*wrong-doing,*" and "ungodliness." What they believe in, and hope for, is not the hope of revenge, the drunkenness of sweet revenge (—sweeter than honey, already Homer called it), but "the victory of God, just God, over the godless." What remains for them to love on earth, is not their brethren in hatred, but their "brethren in love," as they say,—all the good and the just on earth."

And how do they call that which serves them as consolation in all the sufferings of life—their phantasmagoria of an anticipated future blessedness?

"What? Hear I right? They call it "the final judgment," the coming of *their* kingdom, of the "kingdom of God!" *Meanwhile* they live "in faith, in love, in hope." — — Enough! Enough!

15

In faith in what? in love for what? in hope of what? These weak ones (for at some time also *they* intend to be the strong, no doubt whatever; at some time also *their* "kingdom" is to come) "the kingdom of God" they call it simply, as I remarked; for they are in everything so lowly! If for no other purpose, to live to see *that*, it is necessary to live long, beyond death,—indeed, life *everlasting* is necessary in order that, in the kingdom of God, they may be eternally indemnified for the life on earth "in faith, in love, in hope." Indemnified what for? Indemnified what with? Dante, it seems to me, made a gross mistake when, with frightful ingenuity, he placed the inscription above the gate to his hell "Me too eternal love created." Above the door of the Christian paradise and its "eternal blessedness" the inscription "Me too eternal *hate* created" would certainly be more appropriate—granting a truth to be appropriate above the entrance to a falsehood! For *what* is the blessedness of that paradise? We might perhaps guess it; but it is better, to have an authority to testify to it, which, in such matters, is not to be underestimated, Thomas Aquinas, the great saint and teacher. "*Beati in regno cælesti,*" he says, meek as a lamb, "*videbunt pœnas damnatorum,* ***ut beatitudo illis magis com-***

placeat.*"** Or, shall we hear it in a stronger tone, perhaps from the mouth of a triumphant church-father, who dissuaded his Christians from the cruel pleasures of the public spectacles—and why? "Faith," he says *de spectac. c.* 29 *ss.*, "presents unto us much more —and ***much stronger things; thanks to salvation much greater joys are at our disposal; in place of the athletes we have our martyrs; will we blood, well, we have the blood of Christ .... But lo! what shall await us on the day of his second advent, of his triumph!" And then he goes on, the delighted visionary: *"At enim supersunt alia spectacula, ille ultimus et perpetuus judicii dies, ille nationibus insperatus, ille derisus, cum tanta sæculi vetustas et tot ejus nativitates uno igne haurientur. Quæ tunc spectaculi latitudo! **Quid admirer! Quid rideam! Ubi gaudeam! Ubi exultem,** spectans tot et tantos **reges,** qui in cælum recepti nuntiabantur, cum ipso Jove et ipsis suis testibus in imis tenebris congemescentes! Item præsides* (provincial governors) *persecutores dominici nominis sævioribus quam ipsi flammis sævierunt insultantibus contra Christianos liquescentes! Quos præterea sapientes illos philosophos coram discipulis suis una conflagrantibus erubescentes, quibus nihil ad deum pertinere suadebant, quibus animas aut nullas aut non in pristina corpora redituras affirmabant! Etiam poëtas non ad Rhadamanti nec ad Minoïs, sed ad inopinati Christi tribunal palpitantes! Tunc magis*

tragœdi audiendi, magis scilicet vocales (better with voice, still worse shouters) *in sua propria calamitate; tunc histriones cognoscendi, solutiores multo per ignem; tunc spectandus auriga in flammea rota totus rubens, tunc xystici contemplandi non in gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati, nisi quod ne tunc quidem illos velim vivos, ut qui malim ad eos potius conspectum* ***insatiabilem*** *conferre, qui in dominum desævierunt. "Hic est ille, dicam, fabri aut quæstuariæ filius* (as is shown by all that follows, and more especially by this denotation of the mother of Jesus, known from the Talmud,—Tertullian from now on is speaking of the Jews), *sabbati destructor, Samarites et dæmonium habens. Hic est, quem a Juda redemistis, hic est ille arundine et colaphis diverberatus, sputamentis dedecoratus, felle et aceto potatus. Hic est, quem clam discentes subripuerunt, ut resurrexisse dicatur vel hortulanus detraxit, ne lactucæ suæ frequentia commeantium læderentur." Ut talia spectes,* ***ut talibus exultes,*** *quis tibi prætor aut consul aut quæstor aut sacerdos de sua liberalitate præstabit? Et tamen hæc jam habemus quodammodo* ***per fidem*** *spiritu imaginante repræsentata. Ceterum qualia illa sunt, quæ nec oculus vidit nec auris audivit nec in cor hominis ascenderunt?* (I. Cor. 2, 9.) *Credo circo et utraque cavea* (first and fourth rank or, according to others, comic and tragic stage) *et omni stadio gratiora."*— ***Per fidem:*** thus it is written.

16

Let us come to a close! The two *antithetical* values "good and bad," "good and evil" have fought a terrible battle, a battle lasting thousands of years. And though undoubtedly the second of these values has long since succeeded in getting the upper hand, yet places are not wanting even now, where the struggle is continued with doubtful issue. We might even say that the struggle was, in the meantime, shifted into ever higher regions and even thereby became ever deeper, ever more spiritual; so that to-day perhaps no more distinctive characteristic of a "*higher nature*," of a more spiritual nature exists, than to be dual in this sense and still a battle-ground for these antitheses. The symbol of this struggle, written in letters which remained readable, above the entire history of man until now, is called "Rome against Judæa, Judæa against Rome." So far no greater event has occurred than *this* struggle, *this* question, *this* deadly inimical antithesis. Rome felt in the Jew something like the embodiment of anti-naturalness, its antipodal monster, as it were; in Rome the Jew was looked upon as "*convicted* of hatred against all mankind;" and rightly so, in so far as we have a right to connect the welfare and future of mankind with the unconditional dominance of aristocratic values, Roman values. The feelings, on the other hand, of the Jews against

Rome? A thousand signs enable us to guess what they were; but it will suffice once again to call to mind the Johannean Apocalypse, that vilest of all written outbursts of which revenge is guilty. (By the way: let us not undervalue the keen, logical consistency of the Christian instinct, which it showed when it superscribed just this book of hatred with the name of the disciple of love, that same disciple to whom it assigned that gospel of love-enthusiasm. This fact evinces a bit of truth, however much literary counterfeiting may have been necessary for that purpose). The Romans, we know, were the strong and the noble, so that stronger and nobler men had never existed on earth before, nay, had not even been dreamt of. Every relic of them, every inscription delights, granted that one feels *what* is writing therein. The Jews, on the contrary, were that priestly people of resentment *par excellence*, which was possessed of an unparalleled, popular ingenuity of morals. Let one but compare to them the similarly gifted peoples, the Chinese, perhaps, or the Germans, to form an idea as to what is of the first rank and what is of the fifth rank. Which of the two has gained the victory *for the time being*, Rome or Judæa? But there is no doubt whatever? Let us but consider to whom to-day people bow in Rome as to the essence of all the highest values—and not only in Rome, but almost over half the globe, wherever man either has become tame, or

is about to become so. *To three Jews,* as is known, and *one Jewess* (to Jesus of Nazareth, Peter the fisherman, Paul the tent-maker, and the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, called Mary). This is very remarkable: Rome, beyond all doubt, did succumb. True enough that the Renaissance witnessed a dazzlingly-haunted reawakening of the classic ideal, of the noble manner of valuation in all things: Rome itself moved, like some asphyctic coming back to life, beneath the pressure of the new, Judaïsed Rome built upon it, which presented the aspect of an ecumenical synagogue and was called "Church." But forthwith Judæa triumphed again, thanks to that thoroughly moblike (German and English) movement of resentment, called the Reformation,—added thereto, what had to follow, the restoration of the Church, the restoration also of the sepulchral silence of classic Rome. Once again, in an even still more decisive and deeper sense, Judæa triumphed over the classic ideal through the French Revolution: the last political noblesse in Europe, that of the seventeenth and eighteenth *French* centuries, broke down under the popular resentment-instincts. Never a louder jubilation, a more tumultuous enthusiasm was heard on earth! True it is that in the very midst of this event the most extraordinary, the most unexpected thing happened: the antique ideal appeared *bodily* and with unheard of splendour before eyes and conscience of humanity,—and once again, more strongly, more plain-

ly, more forcibly than ever, against the old, false battle-cry of resentment about the *right of the most,* against the will to the grading, degradation, and levelling, to the downward and dusk-ward of man,—resounded the terrible and rapturous counter-cry of the *privilege of the fewest!* Like some last hint pointing to the *other* road appeared Napoleon, that most isolated and latest-born of men that ever was, and in him appeared the incarnate problem of the *noble ideal as such.* Let it be well considered *what* kind of problem this is: Napoleon, this synthesis of monster and *beyond-man* . . . .

17

Was this the end of it? Was therewith that greatest of all ideal antitheses laid *ad acta* for all times? Or merely adjourned, adjourned for a long time? Might there not be, at some time or other, a necessity for a still more terrible, a still longer prepared-for blazing up of the old conflagration? Nay, is not even *this* to be wished for as much as possible? Even to be willed? Even to be furthered? Whoso, like my readers, begins, at this place, to reflect, to reflect further, will not very likely come soon to an end,—reason enough for me, to come to an end myself, provided that it has long since become sufficiently clear what I *will,* what I will just with that dangerous watchword, written on the body of my last book: "*Beyond*

Good and Evil" . . . . This does, at any rate, *not* mean "Beyond Good and Bad."

Note. I take the opportunity presented by this essay, publicly and formally to express a wish so far only mentioned by myself in occasional conversation with scholars: that some Faculty of Arts, should, by advertising a number of academical prize-dissertations, deserve well of the furtherance of studies in the *history of morality*. Possibly this book will serve to give a rigorous impetus in even this direction. With a view to a possibility of this kind let the following question be proposed. It deserves attention on the part of students of the Humanities and historians as well as of professional students of philosophy.

"*What hints are furnished by philology, more especially by etymological research, with reference to the history of the development of moral concepts?*"

On the other hand, it is, of course, quite as essential to gain the sympathy of Physiologists and students of medicine for these problems (of the *value* of the valuations of the past): in which undertaking it may be left to *professional* philosophers to be, in this particular case, as in others, the spokesmen and mediators, after having succeeded on the whole in changing the relations between philosophy, physiology and the science of medicine—which were originally so prudish, so jealous—into the friendliest and fruitfullest exchange. And, in fact, all tables of goods, every "thou shalt" known to historical or ethnological research, call first of all for *physiological* consideration and interpretation, at any rate sooner than for psychological. All, likewise, await criticism from the side of medical science. The question: what is this or that table of goods and "morality" *worth?* must be viewed from the most widely different perspectives; especially, "the worth *for what?* cannot be analysed with sufficient delicacy. A factor, which, for instance, possesses evident value with reference to the greatest durability of a race (or an increase of its powers of adaptation to a certain climate, or the preservation of the greatest number) would by no means possess the same value, if the problem were the formation

of a stronger type. The welfare of the greatest number and the welfare of the smallest number are antithetical points-of-view of valuation. To regard the former as being *by itself* of higher value,—this we shall leave to the simplicity of English biologists .... *All* sciences now must do the preparatory work for the future task of the philosopher: understanding this task to be, that the philosopher has to solve the *problem of value*, that he has to determine the *rank-sequence of values*.

SECOND ESSAY

"GUILT," "BAD CONSCIENCE," AND THE LIKE

I

To rear an animal, which *may promise*,—is not even this that paradoxical task which nature has set herself, as regards man? Is not even this the true problem *of* man? . . . . That this problem has, to a considerable extent, been solved, must seem all the more astonishing to any one capable of duly appreciating the reversely operative force,—that of *forgetfulness*. Forgetfulness is not merely a *vis inertiæ*, as superficial people believe; on the contrary, it is an active, and, in the strictest sense, a positive faculty of check, to which must be attributed the fact that whatever we live to see, whatever we experience and receive into ourselves, does not rise into consciousness during the state of digestion (which state we might call inanimation); no more so than the entire, thousandfold process, by which the nourishment of our body —so-called "incorporation"—is carried on. To close, for certain times, the doors and windows of our consciousness; to remain undisturbed by the noise and feud, with which the serving organs of our nether-world operate for and against one another; a little silence,

a little *tabula rasa* of consciousness, in order to make room for something new, especially for the nobler functions and functionaries, for governing, foreseeing, predetermining (for our organism is constituted oligarchically)—such is the advantage of—as we called it—active forgetfulness, comparable to a door-keeper and preserver of the order of soul, of peace and etiquette; which fact makes apparent at once the reason why there can be no happiness, no cheerfulness, no hope, no pride, no *presence*—without forgetfulness. The man, in whom this apparatus of checking is injured and stops may be compared (and not only be compared) to one suffering from dyspepsia—he never gets beyond things . . . . Even this of necessity forgetful animal, in which the forgetting represents a force, a form of *vigorous* health, has reared and acquired for itself a counter-faculty, a memory by the aid of which, in certain cases, forgetfulness is unhinged—for those cases, to wit, in which a promise is to be made. Hence this is not merely a passive not-to-be-able-to-get-rid-of an impression once imprinted; not merely the indigestion caused by a word pledged at some former time with which one cannot settle accounts; but an active not-to-*will*-to-get-rid-of, a continuous willing of that which once has been willed, a specific *memory of will;* so that between the original "I will," "I shall do" and the actual discharge of will, its *act,* we may unhesitatingly interpose a world of new

and foreign things, circumstances and even acts of will, without causing this long chain of willing to break. But what all does this presuppose? How must man, in order to be able in this wise to dispose of the future, have learned to distinguish between necessary and accidental happening; to think causally; to see, as though it were present, and anticipate what is distant; to posit with certainty what constitutes the end and what the means for the end; and, in general, to be able to reckon and calculate;—how *reckonable, regular* and *necessary* must man himself have become, also to himself, to his own consciousness, in order to be able finally, in the manner of one making a promise, to guarantee for himself *as* for a *future.*

2

Just this is the long story of the origin of *responsibility.* That task of rearing an animal which may promise involves, as we have already seen, by way of condition and preparation the more immediate task of *making* man, in the first place, in some degree necessary, uniform, equal among equal beings, regular and consequently reckonable. The gigantic labour of that which I have called "morality of custom" (cf. *Dawn of the Day,* Aph. 9. 14. 16)—the specific labour of man at himself during the longest period of the existence of mankind, the entire *prehistoric* work of man, receives its sense and grand justification by this

fact, however much of rigour, tyranny, stupidity and idiocy may attach to such work: with the aid of morality of custom and the social strait-jacket, man was *made* really reckonable. But if we place ourselves at the end of this gigantic process, there where the tree matures its fruits, where society and its morality of custom at last gives birth to that *for which* it was but the means: we shall find as the ripest fruit pendent from the tree the *sovereign individual,* like to itself alone, delivered from the morality of custom, autonomous, supermoral (for "autonomous" and "moral" are mutually preclusive terms) in short, the man of private, independent and long will who *may promise*—and in him a proud consciousness vibrating in all his fibres, of *that which* finally has been attained and realised in his person, a true consciousness of power and freedom, a feeling of human perfection in general. This freed one, who is really allowed to promise, this master of a *free will,* this sovereign—surely, he cannot be ignorant of what a superiority he is given by such a will over everything which is not allowed to promise and pledge for itself; how much confidence, how much fear, how much reverence he creates (he *deserves* all three); and how, with this mastery over his self, he has also been intrusted with the mastery over circumstances, nature, and all creatures possessed of a shorter will and less trustworthy than himself. The "free" man, the possessor of a long, infrangible will, has, in

this possession, his *standard of valuation;* judging others by himself he will either honour, or despise, and with the same necessity with which he honours his equals, the strong and the reliable (those that *may* promise),—everyone, to wit, who promises as a sovereign does, reluctantly, rarely, slowly, who is niggard of his confidence, who *distinguishes* by confiding, whose word is given as something which can be depended upon, because he feels himself strong enough to keep it even against misfortunes, ay, even against fate. With the same necessity he will hold his kick in readiness for the slender greyhounds that promise without having the right to do so, and his scourge for the liar who breaks his word in the very moment when it 'scapes his lips. The proud knowledge of the extraordinary privilege of *responsibility,* the consciousness of this rare freedom, of this power over self and fate, has penetrated into the inmost depth of his personality and become instinct, dominating instinct:—by what name will he call it, this dominating instinct, supposing, that he personally needs a word for it? But there can be no doubt: this sovereign man will call it his *conscience* . . . .

3

His conscience? . . . . It can be told in advance, that the concept "conscience," which here presents itself to us in its final, almost strange phase of de-

velopment, had before reaching this stage experienced a long history and transmutation of forms. To be able to pledge for one's self and to be, consequently, also able to *say yes* to one's self—this, as I said, is a ripe fruit, but it is also a *late* fruit. How long it had to remain pendent from the tree in a state of bitter, acid taste! And for a still longer time nothing could be seen of such a fruit! No one was allowed to promise it, though certainly the entire tree was in a state of preparation for and growth towards this very fruit! "How may a memory be made for the animal man? How may this superficial, this half blunted, half giddy understanding, this walking forgetfulness, be impressed in such a manner as will leave a permanent mark?" . . . . This primeval problem was, as may be supposed, not solved exactly with delicate answers and means; indeed, perhaps nothing in the early history of man is so terrible and so awful as his *mnemotechny*. "In order to make a thing stay, it must be burned into memory;" only that which never ceases *to hurt*, remains fixed in memory;" these are among the fundamental truths of the oldest (unfortunately also longest) psychology on earth. We might even say that wherever on earth solemnity, earnestness, mystery, and sombre colours are still to be found in the life of men and peoples, something of the terribleness operates still with which promises, pledges, and vows were made in former times. The past, the longest,

deepest, sternest past breathes upon us and rises within us whenever we grow "earnest." Blood, tortures, sacrifices were indispensable whenever man found it necessary to make a memory for himself; the most frightful sacrifices and pledges (in which category are included the offerings of the first-born), the most abominable mutilations (*e. g.,* castrations) the most barbarous ritual observances in all religious cults (all religions are at the lowest bottom systems of cruelties)—all these things owe their origin to that instinct, which found out pain mental and physical to be the most potent adjutory means of mnemonics. In a certain sense asceticism altogether falls under this head: a few ideas are to be rendered indelible, omnipresent, unforgettable "fixed," for the purpose of hypnotising the entire nervous and intellectual system by means of these "fixed ideas"—and the ascetic procedures and forms of life furnish the means for freeing these ideas from competition with all the other ideas, for rendering them "unforgettable." The poorer the memory of mankind, the more terrible the aspect which its customs present! The rigour of the penal laws, especially, furnishes us with a standard for the trouble it had to take in mastering forgetfulness and in keeping *present* a few primitive requirements of social life to these fickle-mooded slaves of emotion and desire. We Germans certainly do not consider ourselves to be an extraordinarily cruel and hard-hearted people, nor a people

over-much addicted to thoughtlessness and unconcernedness for the morrow; but a mere glance at our ancient penal codes will serve to convey an idea of the effort expended in the task of rearing a "nation of thinkers" (rather say: *that* nation in Europe, in which at this very day the maximum amount of confidence, earnest tastelessness and matter-of-factness is to be found, and which, with such endowments, is entitled to rear every variety of European mandarins). By the aid of terrible means these Germans have made for themselves a memory to conquer their fundamental mob-instincts and their brutal bluntness. We but call to mind the ancient German punishments, "stoning" for instance (already the legend makes the millstone fall on the head of the evil-doer), the rack (the most private invention and specialty of German genius in the domain of punishment!), the operation of piercing the criminal with pales, the punishment of being mangled and trampled upon by horses ("quartering"), the seething of the criminal in oil or wine (as late as the fourteenth and fifteenth century), the favourite punishment of flaying ("slice-cutting"), the cutting of flesh out of the breast, and I suppose also the painting of the evil-doer with honey and subsequent exposure to the flies in hot sunshine. By means of such pictures and performances the memory will at last take hold of some five or six "I-will-nots" in regard to which it has made its *promise*, in order to enjoy the

boons of society—and sure enough! by means of this kind of memory people at last became "reasonable!" Alas, reason, earnestness, the mastery over the emotions, the entire, dreary affair called reflection, all these privileges and pageants of man, how dearly they have ultimately been paid for! how much blood and horror is at the bottom of all "good things!" . . . .

4

But how did that other "dreary affair,"—the consciousness of guilt, the whole of "bad conscience" come to make its appearance upon earth?—And this brings us back to our genealogists of morals. Once again I say—or, is this the first time I say so? they are good for nothing. A mere "modern" subjective experience, some five spans in length! no knowledge, no will to know the past, still less any historical instinct, any gift of "second sight," which just for our problem is necessary! and, for all that, to practise "history of morals!" It is but reasonable that this should have results the relations of which to truth are rather more than prudish. Have these genealogists of morality who lived heretofore ever had even so much as an inkling of the fact, that, *e. g.*, that fundamental notion of morality "guilt" takes its origin from the very material notion "debts?" Or that punishment as a *retaliation* developed quite aloof from every presupposition as to the freedom or not-freedom of the will?—and so

much so, that always a very *advanced* stage of humanisation must first be reached before the animal "man" may begin to make those much more primitive distinctions "intentional," "negligent," "accidental," "responsible," and their antitheses, and to turn them to account in the administration of punishment. That idea now so cheap and seemingly so natural, so inevitable, which I suppose was even made to serve the purpose of an explanation of the origin of the feeling of justice upon earth,—the idea that the malefactor deserves punishment *because* he might have acted otherwise is, in fact, an extremely late, nay, a refined form of human judgment and reasoning; and he, who puts it into the beginning of history, will, very indelicately, sin against the psychology of early mankind. During the longest period of man's history punishment was *not* inflicted, for the *reason* that the offender was held responsible for his deed; that is to say, *not* upon the supposition that the guilty party alone was to be punished; but rather, for that same reason for which parents even now-a-days punish their children: from anger over a damage done, which anger vents itself against the wrong-doer, but is, at the same time, checked and modified by the idea, that every damage finds its *equivalent* in something or other and can actually be paid off, perhaps even by the wrong-doer's pain. Whence, ye ask, the power of this ancient, deep-rooted, and now perhaps inexstirpable idea, the

idea of an equivalence of wrong and pain? I have already betrayed the secret:—in the agreement between *creditor* and *debtor,* which is as old as the very existence of legal parties, and which in its turn points back to the fundamental forms of buying and selling, exchange of commerce and intercourse.

5

The representation to ourselves of these circumstances of agreement will of course, as is but natural to expect from all that has been said, give rise to much suspicion and antagonism against early mankind which created and permitted them. Just here *promises* are made; just here the problem is to *make* a memory for him who promises; just here, as we may suppose, will be a storehouse of all that is stern, cruel and painful. To awaken confidence for the promise of payment made by him, to guarantee the earnestness and sacredness of his promise, to impress his own consciousness with the fact that payment is an obligation and duty, the debtor will, by virtue of his agreement, consign by way of security in case of nonpayment to the creditor something which he still "possesses," —his body, *e. g.,* or his wife or his freedom or his life (or even, under certain religious presuppositions, his blessedness, the salvation of his soul, and finally even his peace in the grave: such was the case in Egypt, where not even the grave afforded rest to the

body of the debtor from the pursuit of his creditor, —true enough, that precisely in the case of the Egyptians this rest was something very peculiar). More especially, the creditor could subject the body of the debtor to all kinds of insult and torture, *c. g.*, cut so much from it as seemed adequate to the magnitude of the debt; and, proceeding from this point of view, there existed everywhere, at an early date, careful estimations, often frightfully minute and circumstantial and sanctioned by *law*, as to the value of individual limbs and parts of the body. I regard it as a step in advance and as the proof of a freer, more liberally judging, *more Roman* conception of law, when the Roman code of the twelve tables decreed the large or small quantity which the creditors cut out in such a case to be a matter of indifference: "*si plus minusve secuerunt, ne fraude esto.*" Let us make clear to ourselves the logic of this form of compensation: it is strange enough! The equivalence is brought in in this manner that, in place of some direct advantage covering the loss (that is to say, in place of compensation by way of money, land or property of any kind) the creditor is conceded a sort of *pleasurable feeling* as his remuneration and compensation,—the feeling of pleasure arising from an arbitrary manifestation of power against some less powerful being, the keen delight "*de faire le mal pour le plaisir de le faire,*" the joy of doing violence: which joy will be appre-

ciated more highly according as the position of the creditor is lower and farther down in the scale of society, and which he is very apt to regard as a delicious morsel, nay, the prelibation of a higher rank. By the administration of punishment against the debtor, the creditor will become a sharer in a *privilege of the masters*. At last he also will for once be inspired by the elevating feeling of being allowed to despise and maltreat somebody as being "lower than himself" —or, at any rate, in case the proper power of punishment, the executive power, has already passed to the authorities, the feeling *of seeing* him despised and maltreated. The compensation, therefore, consists in a grant and claim upon cruelty.

6

In *this* sphere, *i. e.*, the sphere of the law of obligation, the cradle of the world of moral concepts is to be found: "guilt," "conscience," "duty," "sacredness of duty." Their origin, as the origin of everything great on earth, was for a long time sprinkled and thoroughly saturated with blood. And might we not add that this world never again could rid itself entirely of a certain smell of blood and torture? (Not even excepting the old Kant: the categorical imperative smells of cruelty . . . .)—Here also that dismal—and now perhaps inseparable—combination of the ideas of "guilt and suffering" was first made. To put the

question once again: in what way may suffering be a compensation for "debts?" In that the act of *making* another suffer produced the highest kind of pleasure; in that the loss (to which must be added the vexation caused by the loss) brought, by way of exchange, to the damaged party a most remarkable counter-pleasure: the *making* another suffer,—a true *festival,* as it were,—something which, as I said, was valued the more highly, the greater the contrast between it and the rank and social position of the creditor. This, however, I offer merely by way of conjecture: for the bottom of these subterranean things it is difficult to see,—disregarding even the fact that such a sight is painful; and he who with heavy hand throws between these things the concept of "revenge" will, instead of making the task easier for himself, rather cut off and obscure his own view (for revenge leads, in its turn, back to the same problem: "How can the act of making another suffer be a satisfaction?"). The feeling of delicacy, and still more the tartuffism of tame, domesticated animals (rather say—of modern men, rather say—of *us*) abhors, it seems to me, the energetic representation of the extent to which *cruelty* constituted the great festive joy of early mankind, and, in fact, is admixed as a necessary ingredient of nearly all their joys; and on the other hand, the representation of the *naïveté,* the innocence with which this desire of cruelty manifests itself; of the deliberate manner

in which "disinterested malignity" (or, in the words of Spinoza, *sympathia malevolens*) is posited as a *normal* attribute of man, *i. e.*, as something to which his conscience with hearty will says *Yes!* A keener eye will perhaps be aware even now of much of this oldest and most thorough of man's festive joys. In *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 229 (and before that in *Dawn of the Day*, Aph. 18, 77, 113) I have pointed out, with cautious finger, the steadily increasing spiritualisation and "divinification" of cruelty, which twines through the entire history of higher civilisation (and which, if taken in a deeper sense, even constitutes it). At any rate, the period is not yet so very distant, when princely weddings and first-class popular celebrations were inconceivable without executions, tortures or an *auto-da-fé*; and when, similarly, an aristocratic family was inconceivable without a being against whom all were at liberty to direct the shafts of their malice and banter. We recall, for instance, the case of Don Quixote at the court of the duchess. In reading Don Quixote, we modern readers experience a bitter sensation upon our tongues, almost a torture; and hence we should, for this very reason, appear very unintelligible and unfathomable to the author of it and his contemporaries. (They read it with the very best conscience, as the most cheerful of books; they would almost—split with laughter). To see another suffer is pleasant; to make another suffer is still more

pleasant—a stern dictum this is, but also a fundamental proposition, old, mighty, human all-too-human, which, perhaps, even the apes would sign. For we are told that, in the devising of bizarre cruelties, the apes abundantly announce and, as it were, "prelude" man. No festival without cruelty: thus the oldest and longest history of man teaches us—and in punishment, also, there is so much that is *festival!*

7

With such thoughts I am, by the bye, not at all willing to supply a fresh current of water for our pessimists upon their jarring and ill-sounding mill-wheels of life-weariness; on the contrary, we expressly attest the fact that formerly, when mankind did not as yet feel ashamed of its cruelty, life on earth was more pleasant than now that there exist pessimists. The darkening of the sky above man has ever increased in the same ratio that man's shame *of man* kept growing. The weary, pessimistic look, the mistrust towards the riddle of life, the chilling No of the surfeit of life—these are not the symptoms of the evilest periods of humanity. On the contrary, being swamp-plants, they appear only when the swamp to which they belong has sprung into existence. By that I mean the sickly effeminacy and moralisation by means of which the animal "man" is taught to feel ashamed at last of all his instincts. On the road to become an

"angel" (not to use a harder word in this connection) man has reared for himself that spoiled stomach and "furred" tongue, which rendered obnoxious to him not only the pleasure and innocence of the animal, but made life itself of ill taste to him: so that at times he will stand before himself with shut nose and sum up disapproving of them, the catalogue of his disagreeablenesses ("impure generation, nauseous alimentation in the womb, meanness of the matter from which man develops, fearful stench, secretion of saliva, urine and filth"). Now that "suffering" always is made to march along as the first of the arguments *against* existence, and as the most serious interrogation mark of it, we do well to recall the times in which the reverse opinion prevailed, because the pleasure of *making* another suffer was held to be indispensable and constituted a most potent charm, a special bait of seduction *to* life. Peradventure pain in those days —so much by way of consolation to tenderlings—did not smart so much as now; thus at least would a physician be allowed to infer who has treated negroes (taking the negro as representative of prehistoric man) in cases of serious internal inflammation, such as drive almost to despair even the soundest-constitutioned European. This is *not* the case with negroes. (The curve of man's receptivity for pain seems, in fact, to undergo an uncommonly rapid and almost sudden lowering, as soon as the upper ten-thousand or ten-

million of over-civilisation are once left behind, and I for my part, do not doubt that, compared with one single painful night of one single, hysterical, dainty, woman of culture, the sufferings of all animals so far questioned, knife in hand, with a view to scientific answers, simply fall out of consideration.) Perchance the possibility is even admissible that this delight in cruelty has, in reality, not altogether become extinct: but that, in proportion to the augmented intensity of pain now-a-days, it only requires a certain sublimation and subtilisation; it would, more especially, have to be transplanted into the territory of the imaginative and the intellectual; and be decorated with nothing but names so innocent as to banish every suspicion from even the most delicate hypocritical conscience. "Tragic pity" is such a name; another is *"les nostalgics de la croix."* That which makes man revolt against suffering is not suffering as such, but the senselessness of suffering: neither for the Christian, however, who interpreted into suffering a complete system of secret machinery of salvation, nor for the naïve man of still earlier times, who contrived to interpret all suffering with a view to the spectator and the begetter of suffering, did this *senseless* suffering exist. In order to make it possible to banish from the world and honestly deny all hidden, undiscovered and unwitnessed suffering, man in those days was almost forced to invent gods and intermediary beings of

every rank and degree, something, in short, also straying in secret abodes, seeing in the dark, and not very likely to let any interesting and painful exhibition escape its notice. By means of such inventions, to wit, life then practised the feat, which it has ever practised,—the feat of self-vindication, of vindicating its own "ills." At present other adjutory inventions would seem to be necessary for this purpose (life for instance regarded as riddle, or life as problem of perception). "All ills are justified, the sight of which edifies a god:" so ran in times of yore the logic of feeling. And rightly considered, did it so run only in times of yore? The gods conceived as the friends of *cruel* spectacles,—oh, how far this primeval conception reaches over and into our European humanisation! On this point Calvin, or Luther *e. g.,* may be consulted. Certain it is at any rate that a people as late as the *Greeks* could think of no more delicious condiment of the happiness of its gods than the pleasures of cruelty. With what kind of eyes, do you think, did Homer make his gods look down upon the fortunes of man? What was the ultimate meaning of Trojan wars and similar tragic enormities? No doubt whatever: they were intended as *festive games* for the gods: and very likely, in so far as in such matters the poet —more than the rest of mankind—is of "godlike" tribe, as festive games also for poets . . . . Quite in the same manner, later on the moral philosophers of Greece

represented to themselves the eyes of God as looking down upon the moral struggle, the heroism and self-torment of the virtuous: the "Heracles of duty" acted upon a stage and was conscious of this fact; virtue without witnesses was something quite inconceivable to this nation of actors. Might we not suppose, that that daring and so extremely fatal invention of the philosophers then first made for Europe, the invention of "free will," of absolute spontaneity of man as regards Good and Evil, was made with the express purpose of getting the right to have the concept, that the interest of the gods in man, and human virtue, *could never be exhausted?* On this terrene stage truly novel things,—unheard of agitations, complications, catastrophes—must never be wanting; such was their idea. An exclusively deterministically conceived world would have been divinable for gods, and thereby, before long also fatiguing,—reason enough for those *friends of the gods,* the philosophers, not to impute to them such a deterministic world! All mankind of antiquity is full of delicate considerations for the "spectator,"—being, as it was, an essentially public, an essentially ostentatious world to which happiness without feasts and spectacles was inconceivable.—And, once again, in grand *punishment* also, there is so much that is festival.

8

The feeling of guilt—to resume the trend of our investigation—and of personal obligation has, as we have seen, its origin in the oldest and most primitive personal relationship which ever existed,—the relationship between buyer and seller, creditor and debtor. Here for the first time person stood face to face with person, here for the first time person *weighed itself with* person. No stage of civilisation, however inferior it might be, has yet been found without a trace of this relationship being noticeable. To fix prices, to adjust values, to invent equivalents, to exchange things —all this has to such an extent preoccupied the first and earliest thought of man, that, in a certain sense, it constitutes *thinking* itself: here the oldest kind of sagacity was reared, here likewise the first beginning of man's pride, of his feeling of superiority as against the remaining animal world, might be supposed to be found. Perhaps our word "man" *(manas)* expresses something of even *this* self-assertion. Man named himself as the being which weighs values, which weighs and values, as the "valuing animal as such." Buying and selling, together with their psychological appurtenances, ante-date even the beginnings of any forms of social organisation and corporation. The nascent feeling of interchange, contract, debt, right, obligation, adjustment was *transferred* from the most

rudimentary form of personal right to the crudest and most incipient social complexes (in their relation to similar complexes) together with the custom of comparing, measuring, calculating might by might. For the eye was adjusted to this perspective. And with that heavy consistency peculiar to the clumsily-moving (but if once in motion, persistently moving in one direction) thought of early mankind, the grand generalisation was soon arrived at "that all things have their own price; that *everything* can be paid off"—the oldest and most naïve moral canon of *justice,* the beginning of all "goodnaturedness," of all "equity," "good will," and "objectivity" on earth. Justice in this first stage means the good will among people who are possessed of approximately equal power, to come to a mutual agreement and "understanding" by way of adjustment —and, as regards the less powerful, to compel them to accept some adjustment.

9

If measured by the standard of primeval times (which primeval times, by the bye, are at all times either present or again possible), the community finds itself in the same important relation to its members, —the relation of the creditor to his debtors. We live as members of a community, we enjoy the advantages of a community (Oh, what advantages! we sometimes underrate them now-a-days), we live sheltered and

shielded, in peace and confidence, quite at ease as regards certain injuries and hostilities to which the man *without,* the peaceless one is exposed. Every German is alive to the significance attaching to the original meaning of the German word for misery, *élend;** and it is just with regard to these injuries and hostilities that people have bound and pledged themselves to the community. If they *do not so,* what will happen? Community, the disappointed creditor, will have itself indemnified, as well as possible; thus much is certain. The question here has least to do with the immediate damage occasioned by the damager. Apart from it, the criminal is, first of all, a "breaker,"—a breaker of a contract and of a word given—*towards the whole,* in regard to all possessions and advantages of the common weal of which up to that time he had enjoyed his share. The criminal is a debtor, who not only fails to pay back the advantages and advances received, but even aggresses his creditor. Hence he forfeits, justly enough, for the future not only all these possessions and advantages,—but, besides, he is now again reminded *as to the real meaning of these possessions.* The anger of the damaged creditor,—community,—plunges him back into the wild, out-law condition, against which so far protection had

* *Élend* meant originally the sojourn in a foreign country, them the sufferings connected with such a sojourn, and means to-day misery.

been granted him. Community repudiates him, and now all sorts of hostilities may wreak themselves upon him. "Punishment," in this stage of civilisation, is simply the image, the *mimus* of normal conduct, as manifested towards a hated, disarmed and cast-down enemy, who has forfeited not only all privileges and all protection, but even every claim to mercy; it is, therefore, the martial law and triumphal celebration of the *vae victis!* with all its unrelentingness and cruelty; —which serves to account for the fact that war itself (including the sacrificial cult of war) has furnished all the *forms* in which punishment makes its appearance in history.

10

As its power increases, a community will attach less weight to the transgressions of the individual, inasmuch as these transgressions are now alleged to be far less calculated to endanger and subvert the body politic. The wrong-doer is no longer "rendered peaceless" and cast out; public anger may no longer vent itself against him with the same unbridled fury as formerly. On the contrary, the wrong-doer is now even carefully defended and shielded by the community against this anger, especially against the wrath of those immediately injured. The traits characterising ever more sharply the further development of penal law are the following: the compromise with the anger of those immediately suffering from the misdeed; an

effort to localise the case and to guard against further, and perhaps even general, participation and disturbances; attempts to find equivalents and to settle the whole affair *(compositio)*; above all, the ever more definitely pronounced will to regard every transgression as *payable* in some way or other,—that is to say, to *isolate*, in some measure at least, the transgressor from his deed. With the growing power and self-consciousness of a community, the rigour of the penal laws will always lessen; while every weakening and serious endangering of the community will be followed by a reappearance of the sterner forms of the penal laws. In proportion as his wealth increased, the creditor has at all times become more humane; and the amount of detriment to which he may be exposed without suffering from the loss, will at last even be made the *standard of estimation* for his wealth. We might even conceive a *consciousness of power* on the part of society so far advanced as to permit itself the noblest of all luxuries which it can afford—to let her wrong-doer go *unpunished*. "Of what concern for me are my parasites?" society might say. "Let them live and prosper: I am still a match for them!" .... Justice, which began with the declaration: "All is payable, all must be paid off," ends by closing its eyes to those unable to pay and letting them go; it ends, like all good things on earth, by *abrogating itself*. This *self-abrogation* of justice—we know, by what

excellent name it calls itself—*mercy*. It remains, as is self-evident, the privilege of the mightiest one—or, more exactly, it is his "Beyond the law."

11

Here a word, by way of refutation, against certain attempts recently made to seek for the origin of justice in quite another field,—the field of resentment. This plant (as we may whisper into the ears of our psychologists, in case they should themselves like to study resentment closely for once) flourishes now most lusciously among anarchists and anti-Semites, in secrecy, by the bye, where it has always flourished, like the violet, with different odour however. And since it is law universal that like will beget like, we shall not be surprised to witness attempts proceeding from such spheres, such as have been made at various times (compare above the First Essay, section 14) to sanction *revenge* under the name of *justice* (as if justice were in reality only an advanced stage of the development of the feeling of wrong-suffering) and by honouring revenge, to re-establish all *re-active* emotions whatsoever. This latter effect I should least of all object to; with reference to the whole problem of biology (in respect to which the value of these emotions has hitherto been underestimated) it would even seem to me to be a *desert*. That to which alone I call attention, is the fact that this new nuance of

scientific equity (in favour of hatred, envy, jealousy, suspicion, rancour, revenge) takes its origin from the spirit of resentment itself. For this "scientific equity" comes to a sudden halt and yields to manifestations of mortal hatred and prejudice as soon as it has to do with another group of emotions, the biological value of which is, in my opinion, far greater than that of the re-active feelings, and which, for this very reason, have a still greater claim to *scientific* estimation and appreciation. I mean the specifically *active* emotions, such as thirst of power, avidity and the like. (E. Dühring, *The Value of Life; A Course of Philosophy*;* in fact, all his works). So much may be said against this tendency in general. But as regards the particular proposition of Dühring, that the home of justice is to be sought for in the territory of the re-active feelings: out of love of truth, completely turning round his statement, we have to propose this different view: the *last* bit of ground conquered by the spirit of justice is the territory of re-active feelings. If it ever happens, that the just man is just even against him who has injured him (and not merely cold, moderate, reserved, indifferent; to be just is always a *positive* conduct); if, even when attacked by personal insult, derision, slander, the lofty, bright, mild-and-deep-visioned objectivity of the just and judging eye is not dimmed,

* Der Werth des Lebens; Cursus der Philosophie.

good, then this is a bit of perfection and highest mastery on earth—something, in fact, which, in this case, prudence tells us not to expect, and in which at any rate it is advisable not to *believe* too readily. Certain it is on the average that, even in the case of the most honest persons, a small dose of offence, malice and insinuation will suffice to force their blood to, and fairness *from* the brow. The active, aggressive, and transgressive man is, in any case, yet a hundred degrees nearer to justice than the re-active man; for the active one is not forced to a false and biassed estimation of his object as the re-active is. And hence, as a matter of fact, the aggressive man, being also the stonger, braver, nobler man, has, at all times, had the *freer* eye and *better* conscience for his party. Reversely we see at once whose conscience must be held responsible for the invention of "bad conscience." It is the man of resentment. And finally, let people but pay attention to history. In what sphere, we ask, has the execution of law and the requirement of law been at home on earth? Peradventure in the sphere of re-active man? By no means. Rather in that of active, strong, spontaneous, aggressive men. Historically considered,—and be this said with the purpose of discomforting the afore-mentioned agitator (who somewhere confesses of himself: "the doctrine of vengeance is, as it were, the red thread of justice twining through all my writings and endeavours.")—

law represents the war waged just *against* the re-active feelings by the active and aggressive powers, part of whose strength was directed to restraining and curbing the extravagance of re-active pathos and of compelling the opponent to an agreement. Wherever justice is practised, wherever justice is maintained, we observe how a stronger power, as regards weaker, subordinate powers (either groups or individuals), will seek for means of putting an end to the blind fury of resentment raging among the latter, partly by withdrawing the object of resentment from the clutches of revenge, partly by placing instead of revenge, the war against the enemies of peace and order, partly by inventing, proposing, or, according to circumstances, even enforcing adjustments, partly by establishing certain fixed equivalents of injury as a norm, to which then once for all resentment must address itself. The most decisive step, however, taken by the highest power against the overwhelming might of contrary feelings and after-feelings—and this step is always taken as soon as this power is strong enough for undertaking it—is the establishment of *law*, the imperative declaration as to what, in its opinion, is to be regarded as right and lawful or as wrong and forbidden. By treating, after the establishment of law, transgressions and cases of arbitrary conduct on the part of individuals or entire groups as a revolt against the supreme power itself, the feeling of those subjected to its sway

is diverted from the immediate damage resulting from such crimes, and in this manner the reverse result is reached from that which is desired by all revenge,—which notices and recognises only the point of view of the wronged party. From this time forward the eye gets accustomed to an *ever more impersonal* estimation of the deed, even the eye of the wronged party itself (though, of course, his eye last of all, as already observed). Hence, only after the law has once become established, do "right" and "wrong" exist (*not,* as Dühring argues, after the act of violation has been done). To speak of right and wrong *in itself,* is altogether meaningless; *in itself* the act of injuring, violating, exploiting, destroying can, of course, not be anything "wrong," inasmuch as life *essentially, i. e.,* in its fundamental functions, works injury, violation, exploitation and destruction, and cannot be conceived otherwise. Indeed, we are even forced to submit to still more delicate truths: such as the fact that, viewed from the highest biological point of view, legal conditions can never be anything else but *exceptional conditions,* that is to say, partial restrictions of the proper will of life which seeks power; and subordinating themselves to its collective aim in their capacity of separate means, *i. e.,* means for bringing about *greater* units of power. A legal order conceived as sovereign and universal; not as a means of which different complexes of power avail themselves in their struggle with one another,

but as a means *against* all war whatsoever—such as is suggested, for instance by the communistic pattern of Dühring, which would enforce the principle that every will should treat every other will as its equal—such an order would be a principle *hostile to life*, tending to destroy and disintegrate life, an outrage upon the future of man, a sign of languor, a by-way to the Nothing.

12

Here one more word on the origin and purpose of punishment—two problems which are and should be kept separate. Unfortunately, however, they are commonly confounded. And how do our moral genealogists go to work in this matter? Naïvely, as always: they find, by seeking some purpose in punishment, that of vengeance, for instance, or of determent, and then innocently set this purpose at the head, as the *causa fiendi* of punishment, and—that settles it. But the "purpose in law"* can least of all be used for a history of the origin of law. On the contrary, for every kind of history there exists no more important proposition than even this (which it has taken so much pains to acquire, but which, once acquired, *should be* acquired *for good*), namely the proposition that the cause of the origin of a thing and its ultimate

* An allusion to Professor Ihering's celebrated book „Der Zweck im Recht" which is, among other things, the first work speaking of a "morality of custom" on which Nietzsche lays so much stress in the First Essay of the present work.

utility, its actual application and linking into a system of purpose, lie *toto cœlo* asunder; that a thing which is present, a thing which has come about in some way, is ever again by some power superior to it interpreted to contain new purposes, is arrested anew, is transformed and directed to a new use; and that finally all "happening" in organic nature implies an *over-powering, over-mastering,* which in turn implies a re-interpretation and adjustment, by which, of necessity, the past "sense" and "purpose" become obscured and even altogether extinguished. Assuming the *utility* of some physiological organ (or, let us say, a legal institute, or social custom, or political usage, or some form of the arts or a religious cult) to be perfectly understood, such is, as yet, far from being the case with respect to its origin; unpleasant and unwelcome though this truth may sound to older ears,—for from times immemorial it was customary to think that by understanding the demonstrable purpose, the utility of a thing (or form, or institution) the reason for its origin was also understood; the eye being explained as having been made for the purpose of seeing, the hand for the purpose of seizing. So, also punishment was conceived as having been invented for the purpose of punishing. But all purposes, all utilities, are but *indications* of the fact, that some will to power has become master over something inferior in power, and has, proceeding from itself, assigned to it the meaning

of a function; and the entire history of a "thing," an organ, a custom may, in this way, be one unbroken sign-series of constantly changing interpretations and adjustments, the causes of which need not even be connected among themselves, but may, according to circumstances, follow upon, and replace one another quite at random. By no means, therefore, is the "evolution" of a thing (or a custom, or an organ) its own *progressus* towards a goal, still less a *progressus logicus* advancing in a straight line and with the least expenditure of power and pains,—but rather a series of more or less important, more or less independent processes of overpowering, the scene of which the thing is; to which must be added, in each case, the amount of energy consumed in the opposition to such processes, as also the attempts in the way of form-changes undergone for the purpose of defence and re-action, and finally, also the results of successful counter-actions. The form is mobile, but the "sense" is still more so . . . . The same phenomenon is to be observed in the make-up of each individual organism: every essential growth of the whole will cause the "sense" of the individual organs to shift. According to circumstances the partial destruction of these organs, their diminution in number (for instance, by the annihilation of intermediary members) may be a sign of growing power and perfection. Rather say: the partial loss of usefulness, the stinting and degeneration, the

loss of sense and expediency, in one word, death, is among the conditions of true progress: which progress always appears in the form of a will and way to *greater power* and is always enforced at the expense of a large number of lesser powers. The amount of "progress" is, in fact, even measured by the mass of all that had to be sacrificed in order to bring it about: mankind *en masse* sacrificed in order to insure the growth of a single, *stronger* species of man—that *would be* progress .... —I emphasise this main point of view of historical methodics, and all the more so for the reason that at bottom it runs counter to the now reigning instinct and modern taste, which would rather reconcile itself to the absolute fortuitousness and even mechanistical nonsensicalness of all "happening" than to the theory of a *will to power* as manifesting itself in all happening. The democratic idiosyncrasy against all that sways or wills to sway, modern *misarchism* (to coin a bad word for a bad cause), has gradually become merged to such an extent into, and so taken on the guise of, spirituality, keenest spirituality, that to-day it forces, and *is allowed to* force, its way, step by step, into the exactest and seemingly most objective sciences; in fact, it seems to me to have already succeeded in usurping the entire science of physiology and biology, much to its disadvantage, as is self-evident,—for it has eliminated from this science a fundamental notion, the notion of functional

activity. Labouring under this idiosyncrasy, "adaptation," that is to say, a second-rate activity, in fact, a mere re-activity, is pushed into the foreground, and indeed, life itself has even been defined as "a continuous better adjustment of internal relations to external relations" (Mr. Herbert Spencer). But this is to mistake the true nature and function of life, which is *will to power*. It is to overlook the principial priority which the spontaneous, aggressive, transgressive, new-interpretative and new-directive forces possess, from the result of which "adaptation" follows. It is to deny the sovereign office of the highest functionaries in the organism, in which functionaries the will to life appears as an active and formative principle. The readers will recall here what Huxley objected to in Spencer—his "Administrative Nihilism." But we have to deal here with much *more* than mere "administration" . . . .

13

In punishment, therefore—to return to our theme, namely *punishment*—two things are to be discerned: on the one hand, the relatively *durable* element, the usage, the act, the drama, a certain strict sequence of procedures; and on the other hand, the element of mobility, the sense, the purpose, the expectation connected with the execution of such procedures. And true to the principal point of view of historical methodics, as set forth in the last section, in this

statement it is assumed, without further demonstration, *per analogiam,* that the procedure itself ante-dates its application as a means of punishment; that the latter was, only at a later date, *laid into,* interpreted into the procedure (which had for a long while existed, but had been differently understood); that, in short, the case is quite *different* from what our naïve genealogists of morals and law have so far assumed, who, without exception, conceived the procedure as having been *invented* for the purpose of punishment, even as the hand was formerly conceived as invented for the purpose of seizing. But again, as regards the other element in punishment, the element of mobility, the "sense," in a very late stage of civilisation (such as, *e. g.,* that of modern Europe) the concept "punishment" implies no longer a single sense but a complete synthesis of "senses." In fact, the entire past history of punishment, of its utilisation for the most heterogeneous purposes, crystallises at last into a kind of unity which is difficult to reduce, to analyse into its elements, and which, as must be emphasised, defies *each and every definition.* (It is impossible to-day to offer a definite answer to the question as to the actual *wherefore* of punishment. All concepts in which an entire process is semiotically contained escape definition. Only that which has no history is definable.) In an earlier stage, however, that synthesis of "senses" appears as yet somewhat more reducible, somewhat more

shiftable ; we may still observe how, in each individual case, the constituent elements of the synthesis change their value, and re-arrange themselves accordingly, so that at one time this, at another that element prevails and dominates at the expense of the rest, and that even, circumstances favouring, some *one* element (such as, for instance, the purpose of determent) seems to render void all other elements. To convey at least an idea of the vagueness, the secondariness, the accidentalness attaching to the "sense" of punishment, and to show how one and the same procedure is utilised for, interpreted for, and adjusted to fundamentally different ends, I insert the following scheme here, which has suggested itself to me on the basis of comparatively scanty and accidental material. Punishment as rendering the criminal harmless, as a preventive of further mischief. Punishment as the sufferer's compensation for the damage, as payment in any form (even as compensation in the form of an emotion. Punishment as the isolation of a disturbed equilibrium, in order to prevent spreading of the disturbance. Punishment as a means of inspiring others with fear for those who decree and award punishment. Punishment as a kind of equivalent for the advantages which the criminal has so far enjoyed (when, for instance, he is utilised as a slave in the quarries). Punishment as the elimination of a degenerating element (sometimes even of an entire branch, as is instanced by Chinese

law; as a means, therefore, for preserving the purity of the race or for the permanent establishment of a social type). Punishment as a festival, namely as the violation and taunts practised against an enemy at last subdued. Punishment as the making of a memory, be it for him who suffers punishment (so-called correction) or be it for the spectator witnessing the execution. Punishment as the payment of a fee stipulated by the power which protects the evil-doer against the excesses of revenge. Punishment as a compromise with the natural state of revenge, in so far as the latter continues to be maintained and claimed as a privilege by mighty clans. Punishment as a declaration and measure of war against an enemy of peace, law, order, the authorities—an enemy who, with such means as war will prompt, is combated, as being dangerous to the community, as having violated the contract underlying the community, as an insurgent traitor and peace-breaker.

14

This list will not be complete; and yet, as appears from it, punishment, is brimful of utilities of every sort. So much the more readily, therefore, we may venture to withdraw from it a certain *presumable* utility, which, it is true, by the popular view of the matter, is held to be its most essential utility (the belief in punishment, which for more than one reason

is shaky at present, finds just in it its firmest support). The value attributed to punishment is supposed to consist in the fact that it awakens in one guilty the *feeling of guilt;* in it, the proper *instrumentum* of that mental re-action which is known as "bad conscience" or "prick of conscience," is sought for. But this explanation violates reality and psychology even with respect to the problem in its modern aspect, and still more so, as regards the longest period of man's history—the prehistoric period! True remorse just among criminals and convicts is very rare; prisons and reformatories are *not* places which favour the growth of this species of "gnaw-worm"—on this point all conscientious investigators agree, who, in many cases reluctantly enough and against their own most private desires, pronounce such a judgment. All in all, punishment hardens and renders people more insensible; it concentrates; it increases the feeling of estrangement; it strengthens the power of resistance. If cases occur at all in which people's energy is really broken by punishment, and a pitiable prostration and self-humiliation follows, such a result is certainly still less comforting than the average effect of punishment which is characterised by a dry, sombre earnestness. And if, moreover, we take into consideration the thousands of years elapsing *before* the entrance of man into history, we may, without hesitation, say that punishment itself, more than any other factor, served to *retard* the de-

velopment of the feeling of guilt,—at any rate, as regards the victims affected by the punishing power. Let us, above all, not undervalue the measure in which, just by the spectacle of the legal procedure and punishment, the criminal will be prevented from feeling his own deed, the kind of action he did, to be, *as such*, objectionable; for he sees precisely the same kinds of actions performed, and approved of, done with good conscience, in the service of justice, such as espionage, outwitting, bribery, trap-setting, the entire art of the policeman and indicter, with all its crafty and underhand machinery, and further the principial practice which not even emotion will excuse), of spoliation, (violation, dishonouring, imprisoning, torturing, murdering, as we find it in the various kinds of punishment,—actions, therefore, which are by no means *in themselves* repudiated and condemned by his judges, but only in a certain respect and application. "Bad conscience," this most dismal and interesting plant of our subterranean vegetation, did *not* grow from out this soil—indeed, for the longest time, in the consciousness of those who passed judgments and distributed punishment, *nothing* was expressed of the concept of having to deal with a "guilty" person; but only with a damage-doer, with a piece of irresponsible destiny. And the victim himself whom punishment befell, again like a piece of destiny, experienced no other "inner pain" than that which any sudden, unforeseen event will

produce, some terrible catastrophe, such as the falling of a crushing rock against which there is no resistance.

15

This suggested itself, in very captious wise, to Spinoza (much to the annoyance of his interpreters, who do *all* they can to misunderstand him in this passage—so Kuno Fischer), when some afternoon, grating away at some remembrance or other, the thought occupied him as to what of the celebrated *morsus conscientiæ* had remained for him, who had relegated the notions of Good and Evil to the realm of human imaginations, and strenuously defended the honour of his "free" God against those blasphemers maintaining that God did all *sub ratione boni* ("but this would be equivalent to subordinating God to fate and were, forsooth, the greatest of absurdities")—. The world, for Spinoza, had returned to that state of innocence in which it lived before the invention of bad conscience. What, by this logic, had become of the *morsus conscientiæ?* The opposite, he at last said to himself, of *gaudium*, a sadness accompanied by the notion of a past event which has turned out contrary to all expectations." *Eth. iii propos. xviii schol i. ii. Not otherwise than Spinoza* evildoers have felt in regard to their "offence" for thousands of years when reached by punishment. "Here something has unexpectedly gone wrong," and not: "I should

not have done so." They submitted to punishment, even as we submit to a disease, or calamity, or death, with that daring fatalism *sans révolte* by which, in the handling of life, *e. g.,* the Russians enjoy still an advantage over us occidentalists. If in past ages the deed was criticised at all, it was prudence which suggested criticism. The real *effect* of punishment is, undoubtedly, in the first instance to be sought in an intensification of prudence; in a lengthening of memory; in a will to approach one's deeds in future more carefully and with greater suspicion and secrecy; in the recognition of the fact that, to many undertakings, our strength is absolutely inadequate; in a kind of improvement of self-judgment. What by punishment can really be accomplished all in all, in the case of man and animal, is an augmentation of fear, an intensification of prudence, a subjugation of passions. And in so doing, punishment *tames* man, but it does not make him "better." In fact, the opposite might even be maintained with better reasons. ("Damage suffered makes you wise," says a popular proverb: in so far as it makes wise, so also it makes mean. Fortunately, it very often makes stupid.)

16

At this point of our inquiry, a first provisional expression of my own hypothesis on the origin of "bad conscience" can hardly be avoided. It is not easy to

make it intelligible and requires long and earnest attention and consideration. Bad conscience I take as the deep sickness which man had to fall into, when under the pressure of that most radical of all changes to which he was ever subjected—that change which he experienced when he found himself for ever locked within the ban of society and peace. Precisely as the water-animals must have felt, when forced to the alternative of either becoming land-animals or of perishing, even so in the case of men, those semi-animals happily adapted to wildness, warring, roving, and adventure. All at once their instincts were rendered worthless and "unharnessed." They were expected henceforth to go on their feet and to "carry themselves," whereas all along they had been carried by the water; a terrible heaviness lay upon them. For the execution of the simplest functions they found themselves too clumsy; for this new and strange world their old, reliable guides sufficed no longer—the unconsciously-regulating and safely-leading instincts. They were reduced to the necessity of thinking, reasoning, calculating, of combining causes and effects (what misery!), to their consciousness—their meanest and least reliable organ! I believe that never before on earth did there exist a like feeling of misery, a similar state of leaden uncomfortableness. And, worse still, those old instincts had by no means ceased all at once to make their demands! Only it was difficult

and rarely possible for man to comply with their claims. As a general rule they had to seek for new and, metaphorically speaking, subterranean satisfactions. All instincts which do not discharge themselves outwards will *receive an inward direction*—this is what I call the *internalisation* of man. It is only by this process that that grows up to man which later on is called his "soul." The entire inner world of man, being originally thin, as if it were stretched between two hides, has become expanded and extended, has received depth, breadth and height, in the same measure as man's outward discharges have been *checked*. Those terrible bulwarks by means of which a political organisation guarded itself against the ancient instincts of freedom (punishments are first of all among these bulwarks) effected the result that all those instincts of wild, free and roving man turned inward *against man himself*. Enmity, cruelty, the pleasures of persecution, of surprise, of change, of destruction—imagine all these turning against the owners of such instincts: *this* is the origin of "bad conscience." Man who, from a lack of outer enemies and obstacles and because he found himself wedged into the unbearable straits and regularities of custom, impatiently tore, persecuted, gnawed at, maltreated himself,—stirred-up man, this captive animal grating against the bars of his cage, intended to be "tamed" this creature deprived of, and pining for its home, the desert, he, who was compelled

to make out of himself an adventure, a torture-chamber, an unsafe and dangerous wilderness—this fool, this homesick and despairing captive, became the inventor of "bad conscience." And, with it, the greatest and most dismal morbidity was instituted, from which mankind has not as yet recovered, the suffering of man *from man, from himself:* the consequence of a violent breaking with his past animal history, a leaping and plunging, so to speak, into other states and conditions of existence, a declaration of war against the old instincts, on which so far his strength, his pleasure and his terribleness had depended. Let us at once add that, on the other hand, with the fact of the existence upon earth of a self-antagonising, against-self-directed animal soul, something so new, deep, unheard-of, enigmatical, self-contradictory, *future-promising* was likewise given that the aspect of the earth had therewith undergone an essential change. And truly, divine spectators were necessary in order to appreciate the spectacle which thereby was inaugurated and of which the outcome can not as yet be imagined,—a spectacle too fine, too wonderful, too paradoxical for its possibly being a mere meaningless and ludicrous side-show upon some ridiculous star. Man ever since that time has counted *among* the oddest and most exciting hap-hazard throws practised by the "great child" of Heraclitus, call it as you will, Zeus or chance. Man awakens for himself an interest, a suspense, a hope, almost a

confidence that something important is about to happen, that something is in preparation, that man is not an end, but merely a way, an interact, a bridge, a great promise . . . .

17

Our hypothesis on the origin of bad conscience presupposes first of all that that change did not take place gradually, or spontaneously, and did not represent an organic ingrowing into new conditions, but rather a rupture, a leap, a compulsion, an unavoidable fate against which there was no opposition, and not even any resentment. Furthermore, that the fitting of a mass of people until then shapeless and undefined into a fixed form, beginning, as it did, with an act of violence, could *ipso facto* only be accomplished by a whole series of acts of violence—and hence, that the first "state" made its appearance in the form of a terrible tyranny, a violent and regardless piece of machinery which kept grinding away till such a raw-material, half men, half animals, was, not only thoroughly kneaded and pliant, but also *fashioned.* I made use of the word "state." It is plain on the face of it what it means—any herd of flaxen-haired robber-beasts, a conqueror and master race which, organised for war and possessing the power of organisation, will unhesitatingly lay its terrible clutches upon some population perhaps vastly superior in numbers, but as

yet shapeless and roving. This is the origin of the "state" on earth; the fantastic theory which would have it begin by an "agreement," I should think, is done away with. He who can command, he who is a "master" by nature, he who in deed and gesture behaves violently—what has he to do with agreements! Such beings are not reckoned with; they come as fate will come, without reason, common sense, indulgence, pretext; they appear as a flash of lightning appears, too terrible, too sudden, too convincing, too "different" to be even so much as hated. Their work is an instinctive creating of forms, impressing of forms—they are the most involuntary, most unconscious of all artists;—wherever they appear, something new will at once be created, a governmental organism which *lives,* in which the individual parts and functions are defined and brought into correlation, and in which nothing at all is tolerated unless some "sense" with respect to the whole be implanted in it. They are innocent, as regards the meaning of guilt, of responsibility, of regard—these born organisers; they are ruled by that terrible artist-egotism which looks stern like bronze and knows itself to be justified to all eternity, in the "work," as the mother knows herself justified in the child. "Bad conscience" has not grown among *them,* thus much is self-evident,—but it would never have grown at all *but for them,* that ill-shaped growth; it would be wanting altogether

if, beneath the blows of their hammer, their artist-violence, an immense quantity of freedom, had not disappeared from the world, or at any rate from visibility, and become latent, as it were. This *instinct of freedom,* suppressed, drawn back and imprisoned in consciousness and finally discharging and venting itself only inwards, against self: only this is the beginning of *bad conscience.*

18

Let us guard ourselves against thinking lightly of this entire phenomenon for the mere reason that, from the very outset, it is unsightly and painful. For at bottom the same active force which—only on a greater scale—is at work in these perforce-artists and organisers, and sets up states, creates—but on a smaller, pettier scale, and acting inward and backward, "in the labyrinth of the breast" (in the words of Gœthe)—bad conscience and erects negative ideals for itself;—that very same *instinct of freedom,* (or, expressing myself my own way, the will to power). Only in this case the stuff upon which this form-creative and violating power acts, is man himself, his entire ancient animal self—and *not,* as in the case of that other and more ostensible phenomenon, the *other* man, the *other* men. This secret self-violation, this artist-cruelty, this lust of giving to one's self as being a heavy, unyielding, passive stuff, a form of burning

into it a will, a criticism, an opposition, a contempt, a No,—this dismal and frightfully-lustful work of a voluntarily-divided soul which, because it delights to make suffer, makes itself suffer,—this entire *activic,* "bad conscience" has (my readers foresee the result) at last, being the true womb and cradle of ideal and imaginative events, among other things, brought to light an exuberance of new and startling beauty and assertion and, possibly, even beauty itself .... For, indeed, what would be beautiful, if contradiction had not become previously conscious of itself, if ugliness had not previously said to itself: "I am ugly?" .... This hint will at least serve to make the riddle less puzzling as to how far in such self-contradictory concepts as *unselfishness, self-denial, self-sacrifice* an indication of an ideal, a beauty can be given. And one thing, I do not doubt, will be known for the future,—it is the nature of the *lust* which unselfish, self-denying, self-sacrificing man experiences: this lust is a sort of cruelty.—So much, for the present, on the origin of "unselfishness" as a *moral* value, and by way of survey of the soil from which this value has grown. It is only bad conscience, only will to self-maltreatment that furnishes the presupposition on which the *value* of unselfishness hinges.

19

It is a disease—bad conscience—thus much is certain, but in the sense that the state of pregnancy is a disease. Let us seek for the conditions under which this disease has reached its frightfullest and sublimest climax. We shall see what therewith has made its appearance on earth. But for this purpose a long breath is requisite, and, first of all, we have to recur once again to a former point of view. The relation of the debtor to his creditor, as established on the basis of private law, (of which we have already spoken at length) has, a second time and in a manner most memorable in respect to history and most questionable, been interpreted into another relation in which, perhaps, it will seem most unintelligible to us modern men; namely into the relation of *those who live at any given time* towards their *ancestors*. Within the original federation of families—we are speaking of primitive times—in every case, the living generation, in its relation to the older, and especially to the oldest generation which founded the family, acknowledges itself to be bound by a juristic liability (and by no means merely by an obligation of feeling; indeed, for the longest period of the history of mankind, the existence of this feeling might be—not without reason—denied altogether). Here the conviction prevails, that the family *exists* only through the sacri-

fices and services of its ancestors,—and that these sacrifices and services must be *paid back* with other sacrifices and services. Thus, a debt is acknowledged which, moreover, grows continually inasmuch as these ancestors, in their post-existence as mighty spirits, never cease to supply the family with new advantages and advances out of the store of their power. For nothing? But there exists no "for nothing" for those times rude and poor of soul. What, then, may they be given back? Sacrifices (*i. e.*, at first food in its most literal sense), festivals, temples, demonstrations of honour, and, above all, obedience. For all usages are the work and, as such, also the precepts and commandments of the ancestors. Can one ever give them enough? This suspicion remains and grows. From time to time it extorts a wholesale commutation, a back-payment, to the "creditor" in the form of something immense, (the notorious offerings of the first born, for instance,—blood, human blood in any case). The *fear* of the ancestor and his might, the consciousness of debts towards him, increases—according to this kind of logic—exactly in proportion as the power of the family itself increases, in proportion as the family itself grows more victorious, more independent, more intensely feared. The reverse is out of the question! Every step in the direction of degeneration of the clan, every pitiable accident, every indication of degeneration and approaching disintegration

always *lessens* the fear of the spirit of its founder and conveys an ever feebler idea of his prudence, providence and powerful presence. Suppose this rough kind of logic to be carried through, by the fantasy of growing fear, the progenitors of the *mightiest* clans must at last have grown to immense dimensions, and have been pushed into the darkness of a divine awfulness and unimaginableness. The progenitor will, of necessity, become at last transfigured into a *God*. Possibly here may even be the origin of the gods, an origin to wit from *fear!* And he who should think it necessary to add: "But also from piety!" would hardly be right with respect to the longest period of man, his fore-time. Much more so for the *middle* period in which noble families are being formed. For these actually paid back with interest to their founders and progenitors (heroes, gods) all those qualities which, in the meantime, have become apparent in themselves. —noble qualities. We shall later cast a glance upon the ennoblement and nobilitation (which is, of course, by no means their "sanctification") of the gods. For the present, let us bring to a provisional close the discussion of this whole development of the consciousness of guilt.

20

The consciousness of having debts to pay to the godhead, has, as history teaches us, by no means

ceased to develop even after the decline of the organisation of the "community" based on blood-relationship; on the contrary, mankind has, in the same manner that it inherited the notions "good and bad" from the family-nobility (together with their fundamental psychological inclination to posit degrees of rank), inherited also the godheads of families and tribes and the oppressive feelings occasioned by unpaid debts and the desire of redeeming the same. (The transition is effected by those large populations of slaves and bondmen, which —whether by compulsion or by submissiveness and mimicry—accommodated themselves to the cult of Gods practised by their masters. From them this heritage will flow over towards all parts.) The feeling of obligation towards the godhead kept steadily increasing for several thousands of years, in the same proportion in which the concept of God and the feeling of dependence from God grew and were elevated. (The whole history of ethnical wars, victories, reconciliations, and amalgamations, all that precedes the final regulation of rank of all parts of a people in each great synthesis of races, is reflected in the genealogical confusion of their gods, in the legends relating their wars, victories and reconciliations. The development into universal empires is always a *progressus* to universal divinities, and despotism with its overcoming of independent nobility will always pave the way for some form of monotheism.) Therefore the rise of the Christian God, as being

the maximum-god so far attained, has given rise also to the maximum feeling of guilt on earth. Assuming that we at last have entered a period of the *reverse* movement, then the steady decline of the faith in the Christian God might lead us to infer with no small degree of probability that the human consciousness of guilt is, at this moment, likewise experiencing a considerable decline; indeed, the prospect cannot be rejected that the perfect and final triumph of atheism might altogether rid and quit mankind of this entire feeling of obligation to its beginning, its *causa prima*. Atheism and a kind of *second innocence* are parts of a whole.

21

So much in the rough and short on the connection of the concepts of "guilt" and "duty" with religious presuppositions. I have purposely so far left out of consideration the specific moralisation of these concepts (the problem of the pushing of them back into conscience or, still more definitely, the complication of *bad* conscience with the concept of God) and, at the close of the last section, I have even spoken as if this moralisation did not exist at all and as if, therefore, these concepts of necessity ceased to exist after their presupposition has fallen away, the faith in our "creditor," in God. But the facts of the case differ from this speculation in a terrible manner. The moralisation

of the concepts of guilt and duty, the pushing of them back into *bad* conscience, implies, in fact, an attempt to *reverse* the direction of the development now described, or, at least, to stay its progress. Now the very prospects of a final commutation of guilt *are asked,* once for all, to be shut up in a pessimistic way ; now the look *is asked* to shrink back and recoil disconsolately as though from some iron wall of impossibility ; now those concepts "guilt" and "duty" *are asked* to turn backwards. Against *whom?* No question whatever : first of all against the "debtor," in whom bad conscience will now establish itself, eat into his flesh, extend, and polype-like branch out into every depth and breadth until at last, in the conception of the irredeemableness of guilt, the idea of its unpayableness (*everlasting* punishment) is also conceived ; but at last even against the "creditor," whether this be thought to be the *causa prima* of man, the beginning of mankind, its progenitor, who now will be burdened with a curse ("Adam," "original sin," "unfreedom of will"), or nature herself, from whose womb man takes his origin, and into which now the evil principle is laid ("diabolification of nature"), or existence in general which is declared as *worthless in itself* (nihilistic desertion of life, longing to reach the Nothing, or longing for one's antithesis, the state of being otherwise, Buddhism and kindred religions)—until, all of a sudden, we find ourselves face to face with that paradoxical and fright-

ful expedient which afforded at least temporary relief to tortured humanity, that master-stroke of Christianity : God himself sacrificing himself for the guilt of man ; God himself making himself paid ; God being alone able to redeem from man what for man himself has become irredeemable—the creditor sacrificing himself for his debtor, from *love* (would you believe it ?), from love for his debtor ! . . . .

22

We shall have divined by this time the *real* and *inner* meaning of this entire phenomenon : that will to self-torture, that stemmed-back cruelty of animal man who has become internalised, who is, as it were, chased back into himself, who is encaged in the "state," to the end of being tamed, who invented bad conscience for the purpose of causing pain to himself after the *more natural* outlet of this will to cause pain had become obstructed,—this man of bad conscience availed himself of religious presuppositions as a means of carrying his self-torture to an excess of frightful severity and cruelty. A guilt against God—this thought becomes his instrument of torture. In the concept of "God" he finds the ultimate antitheses to be tracked to his own and irredeemable animal instincts ; by interpretation he transforms these animal instincts into a guilt against God (as enmity, insurrection, rebellion against the "Lord," the "Father," the Progenitor, the

Beginning of the world), he yokes himself into the antithesis "God" and "Devil;" every Nay he pronounces upon himself, upon the nature, naturalness and actuality of his own essence, he utters as a Yea, as something existing, bodily, real, as God, as the holy God, as God the judge, as God the hangman, as another world, as eternity, as everlasting torture, as hell, as immeasurableness of punishment and guilt. This is a kind of volitional insanity in spiritual cruelty, such as has not its parallel anywhere; it is the *will* of man to find himself guilty and condemnable even unto irredeemableness; it is his *will* to conceive himself as punished, the punishment being incapable of ever balancing the guilt; it is his will to infect and poison the inmost nature of things with the problem of punishment and guilt, in order to make impossible for himself, once for all, the exit from this labyrinth of "fixed ideas;" it is his *will* to erect an ideal—the ideal of the "holy God"— in order to be in the presence of what plainly assured him of his absolute unworthiness. Oh, for this insane, wretched beast of man! What notions it will take. What anti-nature, what paroxysms of nonsense, what *bestiality of idea* will forthwith break out, if it be but in the least hindered from being a *beast of action!* .... All this is abundantly interesting, but it is also of a black, cloudy, enervating sadness, so that we must sternly forbid ourselves to gaze too long into these abysses. Here is *disease,* no

question whatever, the most terrible disease that has ever raged in man. And he who is able to hear it (but modern ears are dead to such sounds!) how, in this night of torture and nonsense, the cry of *love,* the cry of keenest longing and ecstasy, of salvation in *love,* has sounded, will turn away conquered by a feeling of invincible horror! . . . . In man there are so many frightful things! . . . . For too long a time the earth has been a madhouse! . . . .

23

So much be once for all enough on the origin of the "holy God."—That *in itself* the conception of gods need not necessarily lead to this degradation of fantasy (to which we were obliged to devote a moment's consideration); that there are *nobler* ways of inventing gods than for the purpose of this self-crucifixion and self-shaming of man in which Europe during the last thousands of years has attained to perfection;—thus much fortunately can be seen by every glance which we cast upon *Grecian gods,* these personifications of high-born and self-glorying men, in whom the *animal* in man felt itself deified, and did *not* tear itself for rage against itself! These Greeks for the longest time used their gods just for keeping "bad conscience" at a safe distance, in order to enable them to remain happy in their freedom of the soul; *i. e.,* reversely from the practice of Christianity in the application of its God!

They went *very far* in this, these splendid, lion-hearted children; and no less an authority than that of the Homeric Zeus himself gives them to understand at times that they make life too easy for themselves. "Strange!" he says on one occasion—the case in question is that of Ægisthus, a *very* bad case—

"Strange, that for ever mortals the gods will be sorely accusing!
Evil of us only cometh, they ween, but by their own folly
They will heap on themselves hard misery, even against fate."

But here we both see and hear, that this Olympian spectator and judge is far from being wroth or from thinking ill of them: "How *foolish* they are!" he thinks when contemplating the misdeeds of mortals—and "folly," "unreasonableness," a little "disturbance in the head," thus much the Greeks even of the strongest and most heroic age have admitted to be the reason of many ominous events and fatalities. Folly, *not* sin! Ye understand this? . . . . And even this disturbance in the head was a problem with them. "How could it be even so much as possible? Whence did it come into heads as *we* have them, we men of noble descent, of happiness, of well-constitutedness, of the best society, of superiority, of virtue?" Thus for centuries the noble Greek would ask himself in the face of every

horror and outrage inexplicable to him and committed by one of his equals. "Tis like some *god* has blinded him," he at last said to himself, shaking his head .... This explanation is *typical* for Greeks .... In this manner the gods, in those times, subserved the purpose of justifying, in some measure at least, man also in his wrong-doings. They served as causes of evil. Then they took upon themselves, not punishment, but, as is *nobler,* guilt ....

24

I close with three interrogation marks, as you will see. "Is here," some one will ask, "an ideal being erected, or an ideal being broken down?" But have ye ever really asked yourselves sufficiently as to how dearly the erection of *all* ideals on earth was paid for? How much reality had to be slandered and misconceived for this purpose; how much falsehood sanctioned; how much conscience confused; how much "God" sacrificed each time? In order that a sanctuary may be erected, a *sanctuary must be broken down:* this is the law—name me an instance in which it is violated! .... We modern men, we are the heirs of the vivisection of conscience and self-torment of thousands of years in which we have had our longest practice, perhaps our artist-mastery or, in any case, our *raffinement,* our fastidiousness of taste. For too long a time man regarded his natural bents with an

"evil eye," so that in the end they became related to "bad conscience." A reverse experiment is *in itself* possible—but who is strong enough for it?—who will bring into relation to bad conscience all *unnatural* bents, all those aspirations for another life for all that is hostile to the senses, the instincts, to nature, to animality; in one word, all the old ideals, which are, each and every one, ideals hostile to life and slandering the world? To whom to-day apply with *such* hopes and claims? . . . . Just the *good* we should thereby have against us; and, of course, also the indolent, the reconciled, the vain, the enthusiastic, the tired . . . . What offends more, what estranges more than to make others aware of the rigour and altitude of our self-treatment! And, on the other hand, how obliging, how amiable all the world will show itself to us, as soon as we behave like all the world and "indulge our humour" like all the world! . . . . For such a task there is requisite a *different* kind of spirits than our age is likely to produce: spirits, strengthened by wars and victories; to whom conquest, adventure, danger, even pain have become a need; for it an accustoming to thin, Alpine air, to winterly wanderings, to ice and mountains in every sense; nay, even a kind of sublime maliciousness; an ultimate and most self-assured sprightliness of knowledge, indispensable for the great health; to say a bad thing in one word: even this *great health* is requisite! . . . . But is just

this even so much as possible to-day?.... But at some time, and in a stronger time than this tottering and self-doubting age of ours, he *is* to come, the *redeeming* man of the great love and contempt, the creative spirit who, by his thronging power, is ever again driven away, from every corner and other world; whose loneliness is misunderstood by the people, as though it were a flight *from* reality, whereas it is but his sinking, burying, and deepening *into* reality, in order that, when again he rises unto light, he may bring home with him the *redemption* of reality, its redemption from the curse which the old ideal has laid upon it. This man of the future who will redeem us from the old ideal, as also from that which *had to grow out of this ideal,* from great surfeit, from the will to the Nothing, from nihilism; this bell-stroke of noon-day and the great decision which restores freedom to the will, which restores to the earth its goal, and to man his hope; this Antichrist and Antinihilist, this conqueror of God and of the Nothing—*he must come someday* . . . .

25

But what say I here? Enough! Enough! At this place but one thing befits me—silence: lest I should infringe on that which only one younger than I am, one more "futurous" than I am, one stronger than I am is free to do—on that which only *Zarathustra* is free to do, *Zarathustra the Ungodly* . . . .

THIRD ESSAY

WHAT DO ASCETIC IDEALS MEAN?

Regardless, mocking, violent, thus wisdom wisheth us: she is a woman, she ever loveth a warrior only.

Thus Spake Zarathustra

1

What do ascetic ideals mean?—In the case of artists nothing or too many things; in the case of philosophers and scholars something like a scenting and instinct of the most favourable conditions of high intellectuality; in the case of woman, at best, an *additional* amiableness for seduction, a little *morbidezza* on a pretty piece of flesh, the saintliness of some fine, fat animal; in the case of the physiologically aborted and depressed (the *majority* of mortals) an attempt to think themselves "too good" for this world, a sacred form of dissipation, their chief weapon in the struggle with slow pain and *ennui;* in the case of priests the specific priestly creed, their most effective instrument of power, also their "supreme" license to power; and finally in the case of saints a pretext for going into hibernation, their *novissima gloriæ cupido,* their rest in the nothing ("God"), their form of madness. But the fact *that* the ascetic ideal has meant so much for man, expresses that other fundamental fact of human will, its *horror vacui. It needs a goal,*—and it will rather

will *nothingness,* than *not* will at all.—Am I understood? .... Have I been understood? .... *"By no means, Sir!"*—Well let us, then, begin at the beginning!

2

What do ascetic ideals mean?—Or, to pick out a single case, in regard to which I have often enough been asked my advice: what does it mean, for instance, when an artist like Richard Wagner, in the eve of his life, gives an ovation to chastity? In a certain sense, it is true, he has always done so; but in an ascetic sense only in his very last years. What does this alteration of his "mind," this radical revulsion of his mind mean? For such it was, inasmuch as Wagner, in so doing, turned straightway into his antithesis. What does it mean when an artist turns into his antithesis? .... Here, if we will stop a moment at this question, the remembrance will at once suggest itself, of the best, strongest, most joyful and *most courageous* period which perhaps existed in Wagner's life: the period when his mind was deeply occupied by the thought of a "Marriage of Luther." Who knows to what incidents it is due that to-day, in place of this marriage-music, we possess the Mastersingers? And how much of this marriage-music perhaps sounds on in the Mastersingers? But there is no doubt that also in this "Marriage of Luther" the plot would have

turned on the praise of chastity. It is true, also on the praise of sensuality; and even so I should have thought it proper; and even so it would have been "Wagnerian." For chastity and sensuality are not necessarily antithetical; every true marriage, every genuine love-affair is past that antithesis. Wagner, it seems to me, would have done well to apprise his Germans once more of this *agreeable* fact by means of some fine, brave comedy, with Luther figuring as hero,—for among the Germans there always were and still are many slanderers of sensuality; and perhaps the greatest merit of Luther is that he had the courage of his *sensuality* (in those days it was called, delicately enough, "evangelical freedom") .... But even in those cases in which that antithesis between chastity and sensuality really exists, it fortunately needs not at all to be a tragical antithesis. This might at least be the case with all better constituted and more cheerful mortals, who are not at all disposed, without further ado, to reckon their fluctuating state of equilibrium betwixt "angel and *petite bête*" among the arguments against existence; the finest, the brightest, such as Hafiz or Goethe, have even discerned an *additional* charm of life therein. It is just such "contradictions" that seduce to life .... But if, on the other hand, the ill-constituted swine can be induced to worship chastity—and there are such swine!—they will, as is but too plain, see and worship in it only their own antithesis, the antithesis of

ill-constituted swine—and oh, one can imagine with how much tragic grunting and eagerness!—, that same painful and superfluous antithesis which Richard Wagner, at the end of his days, undoubtedly intended to set to music and produce on the stage. *Prithee, wherefore?* as we have a right to ask. For what had he, and what have we to do with swine?

3

Here, to be sure, that other question cannot be avoided: what had Wagner really to do with that manly (also, so very unmanly) "rustic simplicity," that poor devil and country lad Parsival, whom, by such insidious means, he finally succeeded in making a Roman Catholic? What? was this Parsifal really meant *seriously?* For one might be tempted to believe, and even to wish, the reverse,—namely that the Wagnerian Parsifal had been meant to be gay, like a finale or satiric drama with which, precisely in a due and worthy manner, the tragedian Wagner had intended to take his farewell of us, also of himself, and above all of *tragedy,* namely with an excess of the greatest and most wanton parody on the tragic itself, on all the awful earth-earnestness and earth-sorrowfulness of the past, on the stupidest form of the anti-naturalness of the ascetic ideal finally surmounted. Thus, as I said, it would have precisely been in keeping with a great tragedian: who, like every artist, only reaches

the last summit of his greatness, when he learns to see himself and his art *below* him, when he knows how to *laugh* at himself. Is Wagner's "Parsifal" his secret laugh of superiority at himself, the triumph of his greatest, finally attained, artistic freedom and artistic other-world? As has been said, one might wish that it were so! For, what sense could we attach to a *Parsifal seriously meant?* Is it really necessary to suppose (as I have been told) that Wagners *Parsifal* is "the product of a maddened hatred of perception, intellect, and sensuality?" an anathema on the senses and the intellect in one breath, in a fit of hatred? an apostasy and return to sickly, Christian, and obscurantist ideals? And finally, worst of all, the self-negation and self-annulment of an artist, who had striven, so far, with all his will-power, for the opposite, namely for the *highest spiritualising and sensualising* of his art? And not only of his art, but of his life as well. Let us recollect how enthusiastically Wagner once walked in the footsteps of Feuerbach the philosopher. Feuerbach's phrase of "a healthy sensuality" echoed in the third and fourth decades of this century to Wagner as to many other Germans—they called themselves the "*young* Germans") like the word of salvation. Did the older Wagner *unlearn* his former creed? Very likely he did! judging from the disposition he evinced toward the end of his life to *unteach* his first belief . . . . And not only with the trumpets of Parsifal

from the stage; but there are also a hundred passages in the gloomy, constrained, and perplexed writings of his last years in which a secret wish and will, a wavering, hesitating, unacknowledged inclination is shown actually to preach return, conversion, negation, Christianity, mediævalism, and to tell his disciples: "All is vain! Seek your salvation elsewhere!" Even the "blood of the Saviour" is once invoked....

4

Let me in such a case, somewhat painful but *typical* give my opinion: it is certainly best to separate an artist so far from his work as not to take him as seriously as his work. All in all, he is but the condition of his work,—the womb, soil, nay, at times even the dung and manure upon which and out of which it grows, and hence, in most cases, something which must be forgotten if we would enjoy the work itself. The insight into the *origin* of a work is the business of the physiologists and vivisectors of the mind: never of the æsthetic people, the artists. Just as a pregnant woman is not spared the many odiousnesses and oddnesses peculiar to pregnancy (which must be forgotten if one would take pleasure in the child), so the poet and artificer of *Parsifal* had deeply, thoroughly and even frightfully to penetrate and descend into mediæval psychological antitheses; he could not be spared a life aloof from every height, rigour

and training of the spirit (if I may use the word) a kind of intellectual *perversity*. We must guard against the error into which an artist is but too apt to fall from psychological contiguity, (as Englishmen call it) of supposing that he himself *is really* that which he is able to represent, to think out, to express in words. The fact is that, if he were such, he could under no circumstances represent it, nor think it out, nor express it in words. Homer would never have created an Achilles, Goethe would never have created a Faust, had Homer been Achilles, or Goethe Faust. A perfect and genuine artist is, for aye and evermore, separated from that which is "real," actually existing. On the other hand, it is seen how an artist can, at times, grow tired even to surfeit of this eternal "unreality" and falseness of his own inmost existence,—and that, then, he will attempt an excursion into the realm most strictly forbidden to him, into reality, into *being* real. With what success? It is easily found out .... This is the *typical velleity* of the artist; that same velleity, to which also Wagner grown-old fell a victim and for which he had to pay so dearly, so fatally (losing, as he did, the valuable part of his friends). But altogether disregarding this velleity, who is there that does not wish—for Wagner's own sake—that he had taken farewell from us and from his art, not by means of a *Parsifal,* but *in different* wise,—more victorious, more self-confident, more Wagnerian,—less

misleading, less double-dealing in regard to his whole intention, less Schopenhauerian, less nihilistic? . . . .

5

What, then, do ascetic ideals mean? In the case of an artist, as by this time will have become clear to us—nothing! . . . . Or so many things that it is the same as if they meant nothing! . . . . Let us, therefore, first of all, eliminate artists. Their position in and *against* the world is not at all of sufficient independence to make their valuations and the evolution of them in themselves deserve our attention. They were at all times the chamberlains of some morality or philosophy or religion; not even considering the fact that, I am sorry to say, often enough they were the all-too-pliant courtiers to their followers and patrons, and the sharp-nosed flatterers of long established or newly rising powers. In any case, they always stand in need of a safe-guard, a backing, some firmly established authority: artists never stand alone; they have a deep and instinctive aversion to standing *alone*. So, for instance, Richard Wagner, when the time "had come to pass," took Schopenhauer the philosopher as his front-line man and safeguard. Who would even so much as deem it possible that Wagner would have had the *courage for* an ascetic ideal, but for the backing furnished to him by the philosophy of Schopenhauer, but for the authority of Schopenhauer himself

which in the seventies gained *the ascendency* in Europe? (Here we shall pay no regard to the question whether an artist—unless suckled by the milk of meek, loyally meek disposition—would have been at all possible in the *new* Germany). And this brings us to the more serious question: what does it mean, when a genuine *philosopher* renders homage to the ascetic ideal, a really independent spirit like Schopenhauer, a man and knight with iron look, who has the courage for himself, the strength to stand alone and disdains to wait for front-line men and hints from above? Let us here consider the remarkable and for a certain class of people even fascinating position which Schopenhauer held in respect to *art*. For apparently this it was that formed the *immediate* reason of Wagner's going over to Schopenhauer (persuaded to this step, as is well known, by a poet, Herwegh). He went over to such an extent that thereby arose a complete theoretical contradiction between his earlier and his later æsthetic creed,—the former, for instance, being expressed in *Opera and Drama,* the latter in the writings which he edited after 1870. Especially (what is perhaps, strangest of all) Wagner changed regardlessly his judgment as to the value and position of *music* itself. What did it concern him that so far he had used it for a means, a medium, a "woman" who, in order to thrive, must be given an end, a man, the drama, to wit! He all at once understood that by

means of Schopenhauer's theory and innovation more might be accomplished *in majorem musicæ gloriam*,—namely by means of the theory of the *sovereignty* of music, as Schopenhauer understood it: music being placed aside from and against other arts, as the independent art as such, and differing from the other arts in that it presents *not* merely copies of phenomenality, as they do, but rather speaks the language of *the* will itself immediately from the "abyss," as its most private, most original, most undefined and underived revelation. By means of this extraordinary enhancement of the value of music which seemed to grow from Schopenhauerian philosophy, the value, also, of the *musician* himself underwent an unheard-of increase: he now became an oracle, a priest, nay, more than a priest—a kind of mouth-piece of the "In-itself" of things, a telephone from another world. Henceforth he talked not merely music, this ventriloquist of God—he talked metaphysics. Was it wonful, then, that someday he should talk *ascetic ideals?*..

6

Schopenhauer availed himself of the Kantian formulation of the æsthetic problem, although he certainly did not view it with Kantian eyes. Kant thought he did an honour to art, when, among the predicates of beauty, he gave preference to, and emphasised those which constitute the honour of knowledge: imperson-

ality and omnivalence. Whether, in the main, this was not a mistake, is a question which this is not the place to discuss. All that I wish to underscore is that, like all philosophers, Kant, instead of approaching the problem of æsthetics from the experiences of the artist (the creator), meditated over art and beauty merely from the standpoint of the "spectator" and so quite unconsciously got the "spectator himself" into his concept of "beauty." The case were not so bad, if this "spectator" had, at least, been sufficiently known to the philosophers of beauty!—namely as a great *personal* fact and experience, as an abundance of most private, strong experiences, desires, surprises, ecstasies in the domain of beauty. But the reverse, I fear, has ever been the case. Hence, from the very beginning, we receive from them definitions in which, as in that celebrated definition of beauty given by Kant, the lack of subtler self-experience lurks in the form of a big worm of fundamental error. "Beautiful," according to Kant, "is that which pleases *without interest.*" Without interest! Compare with this definition that other one made by a genuine spectator and artist—Stendhal, who somewhere calls beauty *une promesse de bonheur.* In this definition, at any rate, precisely that is *refused* and expunged which Kant emphasises in the æsthetic state: *le désintéressement.* Who is right, Kant or Stendhal? If, to be sure, our æstheticians will not tire to advance in favour

of Kant, the old argument that, under the spell of beauty, one can behold even naked female statues "without interest,"—then I should think that we have a right to laugh a little at their expense. The experiences of *artists* in regard to this delicate point are "more interesting," and Pygmalion was, at any rate, *not* necessarily an "unæsthetic man." Let us think all the more highly of the innocence of our æstheticians which is reflected by such argument; let us duly appreciate in Kant, for instance, what, with the *naïveté* of some country-parson he has to teach us on the peculiarities of the sense of touch!—And this brings us back to Schopenhauer, who, to quite another extent than Kant, was familiar with art, and nevertheless failed to break the ban of this Kantian definition. Why? The thing is curious enough: the phrase "without interest" he interpreted for himself in the most personal manner, out of an experience which seems to have been among the most regular occurrences with him. On few topics Schopenhauer talks with such confidence as on the effects of æsthetic contemplation. He claims that it tends to counteract just *sexual* "interestedness," in a way similar to that of lupulin and camphor. He never wearied of celebrating *this* escape from will as the great advantage and boon of the æsthetic state. Indeed, one might be tempted to raise the question whether his fundamental conception of "will and representation"—the thought that

redemption from will is only possible through "representation"—may not owe its origin to a generalisation of even this sexual experience. (In all questions, by the bye, as to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, regard must be had for the fact that it is the conception of a youth of twenty-six, and partakes, consequently, not only of the specifics of Schopenhauer, but also of the specifics of that season of life). Let us, for instance, hear one of the most express among the many passages written by him in honour of the æsthetic state (*The World as Will and Representation* I, p. 54); let us note the tone of his language, the suffering, the joy, the thankfulness of it. "It is the painless state which Epicurus praised as the highest good and as the state of the gods; for we are, for *that* moment, set free from the striving of vile will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still" . . . . What vehemence of language! What pictures of torture and of long surfeit! What almost pathological contra-positing of the time of "that moment" and the usual "wheel of Ixion," the "penal servitude of willing," the "vile striving of will!"—But granting even Schopenhauer to be a hundred times right with respect to his own person,—would thereby our insight into the nature of beauty be promoted? Schopenhauer describes one effect of beauty—the will-calming effect. But is this effect even so much as a rule? Stendhal, as I said, a

not less sensual but more happily constituted nature than Schopenhauer, lays stress on a different effect of beauty: "beauty *promises* happiness." With him the very *stimulation of will* ("interest") by beauty seems to be the fact. And might we not finally object to Schopenhauer that he is very far wrong in calling himself a Kantian in this respect; that he did not at all understand the Kantian definition of beauty in the sense of Kant; that also his pleasure derived from beauty was due to an "interest" even the strongest and most personal interest, the interest of one tortured who escapes his torture? And, to revert to our first question: "What does it *mean,* when a philosopher renders homage to the ascetic ideal?" we now receive at least a first hint: he *wishes to get rid of a torture.*

7

Let us guard ourselves from making gloomy faces at the mere sound of the word "torture!" For in this very case quite a number of allowances and deductions can be made. There even remains something to laugh at. Let us, above all, not undervalue the fact that Schopenhauer—who actually treated sensuality (including the tool of sensuality, woman, this *instrumentum diaboli*) as his personal enemy—stood in *need* of enemies, to keep him in good spirits; that he loved the grim-humoured, gally, black-browed words; that he frowned for frowning's sake; from inclination; that

he would have become sick, become *pessimist* (for pessimist he was not, much though he wished to be so), but for his enemies, but for Hegel, for woman, for sensuality, and the whole will to life, the will to stay here. Had Schopenhauer been a pessimist, he would not have *stayed* here, to be sure; he would have run away. But his enemies held him fast; his enemies kept seducing him to existence; his anger, quite as in the case of the ancient cynics, constituted his comfort, his recreation, his reward, his *remedium* for surfeit, his *happiness*. So much in regard to that which is specifically personal in the case of Schopenhauer! But on the other hand his case presents also something typical—and now only we come back to our problem. Undoutedly there exists, as long as philosophers exist on earth, and wherever philosophers have existed (from India as far as England—to take the opposite poles of philosophical ability), a specific philosopher's sensitiveness and rancour against sensuality; Schopenhauer being, in fact, only the most eloquent and, if we have ears for such sounds, the most ravishing and rapturous outburst of it. In the same manner there exists a singular philosopher's prepossessedness and heartiness in favour of the whole ascetic ideal—about which and against which fact it will hardly do for us to shut our eyes. Both things are, as I said, essential to the type. If either be wanting in a philosopher, then, we may be sure, he is

always but a "so-called" philosopher. What does that *mean?* For this fact must first be interpreted: *in itself* it stands stupid to all eternity, as every "thing in itself." Every animal, and hence also *la bête philosophe,* instinctively strives for an optimum of favourable conditions under which it is free to discharge fully its power and attains its maximum consciousness of power; every animal, quite as instinctively and with a keenness of scent which "passeth all understanding," abhors every kind of disturber or obstacle which obstructs or *could* obstruct his road to the optimum (it is *not* its road to "happiness," of which I am now speaking, but its road to power, to action, to mightiest action, and, actually, in most cases, its road to unhappiness). So, also, the philosopher abhors *wedlock* and all that would fain persuade to this state, as being an obstacle and fatality on his road to the optimum. Who among the great philosophers is known to have been married? Heraclitus, Plato, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibniz, Kant, Schopenhauer—they were not, nay, we cannot even so much as *conceive* them as married. A married philosopher is a figure *of comedy,* this is my proposition; and that exception, Socrates, mischievous Socrates, married, it seems, *ironice,* with the express purpose of demonstrating *this very* proposition. Every philosopher would say what Buddha said, when the birth of a son was announced to him: "Râhula is born unto me, a fetter is forged for me."

(Râhula means here "a little demon"). For every "free spirit" a thoughtful hour would be bound to come (assuming that before he had a thoughtless hour), as it came to the same Buddha! "'Closely confined,' he thought within himself, 'is the life in the house, a place of impurity! Freedom is in the leaving of the house.'" "Because he thought in this wise, he left the house." In the ascetic ideal there are indicated so many bridges leading to *independence* that a philosopher will not be able to hear, without some inner chuckling and exultation, the story of all those resolute souls, who one day said No to all un-freedom and went into some *desert;* even assuming that they were nothing but mighty asses and the very counterparts of mighty spirits. What, then, does the ascetic ideal mean in the case of a philosopher? My answer is—as long ago will have been anticipated—the aspect of the ascetic ideal draws from the lips of the philosopher a smile because he recognises in it an optimum of the conditions of highest and keenest spirituality. In so doing, he does *not* negate "existence," but rather asserts *his own* existence and *only* his own existence, and this perhaps so much so that the frivolous wish is not far from him: *pereat mundus, fiat philosophia, fiat philosophus, fiam!* . . . .

8

These philosophers, we see, are anything but unbiassed witnesses and judges as to the *value* of the ascetic ideal! They think *of themselves*—what does "the Saint" concern them! In valuing the ascetic ideal, they think of that which is most indispensable to *them*: freedom from constraint, interference, noise, from business, duties, cares; they think of a clear head, of dancing, leaping, flying of thoughts; good air, thin, clear, free, dry mountain-air, spiritualising and lending wings to all animal being; peace in all souterrains; all dogs securely chained; no barking indicative of hostility or shaggy rancour; no gnaw-worms of thwarted ambition; modest and obsequious intestines, busy as mills, but absent; the heart distant, beyond, futurous, posthumous. All in all, the ascetic ideal suggests to them that aerial asceticism of some deified and newly-fledged animal which rather roves than rests aloof from life. It is known what are the three great show-words of the ascetic ideal: Poverty, Humility, Chastity. And now let people for once examine the lives of all great productive and inventive spirits: to a certain extent all three will be found again in them. Not at all as their "virtues." This kind of man—what has it to do with virtues! But as the most essential, most natural conditions of their *best* existence, of their *finest* productivity. And it is also quite possible that

their dominating spirituality had, first of all, to subdue an untamable and tender pride or an unruly sensuality; or that it found it rather difficult to keep up their will to the "desert" perhaps against a hankering for luxury and most exquisite things, as also against an extravagant liberality of heart and hand. But this spirituality prevailed, even by virtue of its function of *dominating* instinct which insisted on its postulates against all other instincts. This spirituality still does so; for if it did not, then it would not dominate. In this kind of abstinence, therefore, is anything but a "virtue." The *desert,* the bye, of which even now I spoke, into which the strong and independently-constituted spirits retire to be lonesome—oh, how different it looks from the desert, as our "*educated classes*" imagine it. For, as the case may be, they themselves are the desert, these educated classes. And certain it is that all stageplayers of the spirit have ever found it unbearable. For them it is not by far romantic enough, not Syrian enough, not stage-desert enough! Camels, it is true, are not absent from it; but this is the only respect in which it resembles a real desert. Perchance, that desert consists in a self-willed obscurity; in a going out of the way of one's self; in a horror of noise, honours, newspapers, influence; in a little office, an everyday, something which more hides than exposes; in an occasional intercourse with harmless, gladsome, little "foules and beastes," the sight of which

refreshes; in some mountains as one's company—yet not mountains dead, but provided with *eyes* (with lakes, to wit); at times even in a room in some crowded everybody hotel where one is sure to be mistaken and may safely converse with everybody else. This is a "desert" in this sense. Oh, believe me, it is lonesome enough! If Heraclitus retired into the courtyards and colonnades of the gigantic Artemis-temple, that "desert," I admit, was rather more dignified. Why are such temples *wanting* to us? (Peradventure they are *not* wanting to us: I am just thinking of my finest study, the *piazza di San Marco;* spring presupposed, as also forenoon, the hours between ten and twelve). But that which Heraclitus fled, is even this which *we* also flee: the hubbub and Democrat gossip of the Ephesians, their politics, their news from the "empire" (Persia, you understand), their market-truck of "to-day." For we philosophers must have rest from one thing first of all, from every "to-day." We revere what is still, cold, calm, distant, past, everything, in fact, the aspect of which does not assault or freeze the soul, —something with which we may talk, without talking *aloud*. Mark but the timbre which a spirit has when talking; every spirit has his own timbre, loves his own timbre. Yonder man, for instance, must, I think, be an agitator, say rather a hollow-head, a hollow-pot. Whatsoever goes into him, is sure to reverberate, heavy and hollow, laden with the echo of great emptiness.

That one over there speaks rarely otherwise than with a hoarse voice. Has he *thought* himself into hoarseness? Possible enough—one may ask physiologists;—he, however, who thinks in *words,* thinks, not as thinker but as speaker. (It shows that he thinks, at bottom, not of matters, not to the point, but only in regard to matters; that he thinks, in reality, of *himself* and of his listeners.) This third one, here, talks impertinently; his body rubs against our own; his breath breathes upon us. Involuntarily we shut our mouths, though it is a book through which he speaks to us. The timbre of his style tells the reason why; that he has no time, that he has little faith in himself, that to-day or never he has a chance to speak. But a spirit, convinced of himself, speaks softly; he seeks retirement; he waits to be asked. It characterises the philosopher that he avoids three showy and noisy things—glory, princes and women; whereby it is not meant to be said, however, that they should not come to him. He shuns all too glaring brightness; hence he shuns his own time and the "day" of it. In this respect he is like a shadow; the farther the sun sinks, the bigger he grows. As regards his "humility," he will endure, even as he endures darkness, so also a certain amount of dependence and obscurity; nay, he fears to be disturbed by lightnings, he shrinks back from the unprotectedness of an all too isolated and exposed tree, against which every storm vents

its temper, and every temper vents its storm. His "motherly" instinct, the secret love for that which grows within him, consigns him to conditions in which he is freed from the duty of taking care *of himself;* in the same sense that the instinct of the *mother* in woman has so far maintained the dependent condition of woman in general. All in all, it is little enough they demand, these philosophers. Their motto is: "He who possesses, is possessed;" *not,* as again and again I must urge, from a virtue, or a meritorious will to simplicity and contentedness, but because their supreme lord demands it of them, demands it wisely and inexorably; which lord, has but one end in view and gathers and saves exclusively for it time, strength, love, interest, everything. Men of his kind like to be disturbed by enmities as little as by amities: they are quick to forget, quick to despise. They deem it a poor taste to play the martyr. "To *suffer* for truth" —this they leave to the ambitious, the stage-heroes of the spirit and whoso has time enough for it. (They themselves, the philosophers, have *to do* something for truth). They are niggard in the use of big words; we are told that they cannot brook to hear the word "truth;" they say, it sounds grandiloquent .... And finally, as regards the "chastity" of philosophers, the productivity of such spirits consists manifestly in something else than in children. Perhaps they also have somewhere else the continuance of their name, their

little immortality. (Still more immodestly the ancient Indian philosophers expressed themselves: "Wherefore posterity for him whose soul is the world?"). Therein is nothing of chastity out of any ascetic scrupulosity or hatred of the senses; as little as it is chastity if an athlete or jockey abstains from woman. Rather, thus it is demanded by the dominating instinct of the philosopher, especially during the period of his great pregnancy. All artists know the injurious effects of sexual intercourse in times of great spiritual suspense and preparation; in the case of the most powerful among them, and those in whom the instinct operates with the greatest certainty, experience, fatal experience is not even necessary—for in their case it is even their "motherly" instinct which, for the benefit of the work in preparation, will regardlessly dispose of all other supplies and advances of power—of the *vigour* of animal life. In such cases the greater power will *absorb* the lesser.—Let people expound the above-considered case of Schopenhauer in the light of this interpretation. The sight of beauty in his case, it seems, acted as a kind of disengaging irritant upon the *main power* of his nature (the power of reflection and intensified eye), so that this power then exploded and, all of a sudden, gained the upper hand in consciousness. With this explanation the possibility is not at all meant to be precluded that that peculiar sweetness and fulness owned by the æsthetic state may take its origin from

the very ingredient of "sensuality," (as from that same source that idealism springs which belongs to "marriageable maidens")—and that, therefore, sensuality upon the origination of the æsthetic state is by no means annulled, as Schopenhauer thought, but merely transfigured, and now no longer presents itself to consciousness as sexual irritant. (To this point of view I shall some other time revert, in connection with still more delicate problems relative to the hitherto so untouched-upon, so undisclosed *Physiology of Æsthetics*.)

9

A certain asceticism, we saw, a hard and cheerful will to renunciation, are among the favourable conditions of highest spirituality, as also among the most natural consequences of it. Hence nobody can wonder that, from the very beginning, the ascetic ideal has always been treated with some prepossession just by philosophers. On an exact historical investigation, the tie of relationship between the ascetic ideal and philosophy proves to be much more intimate and severe. One might say that only in the *leading-strings* of this ideal has philosophy learnt to take her first steps and steplets on earth, alas, how very awkwardly! alas, how very peevishly! alas, how very ready to tumble over and lie flat on the belly—this dear little toddler and tenderling with bent legs! Philosophy in her infancy fared, as all good things have fared; for a

long time they lacked self-confidence; they ever looked about for some one to extend a helping hand; they feared, in fact, all those who witnessed their efforts. Let us but review the individual bents and virtues of the philosopher, one after the other;—his sceptical bent, his negating bent, his expectant ("ephectical") bent, his analytical bent, his searching, scrutinising, daring bent, his comparing and levelling bent, his will to neutrality and objectivity, his will to every *"sine ira et studio."* Has any one understood that all these bents for the longest period ran directly counter to the first demands of morality and of conscience? (to say nothing of *reason* which Luther nicknamed Madame Smartness the smart whore); and that a philosopher, if he *had* become conscious of himself, would, of necessity, have felt himself as the incarnation of the *"nitimur in vetitum,"* and that, therefore, he *took good care not* "to feel himself and *not* to become conscious of himself? . . . . The same is true, as I said, of all good things in which to-day we pride ourselves. Even measured by the standard of the ancient Greeks, our whole modern life—in so far as it is not weakness, but power and consciousness of power—appears as sheer hybris and godlessness. For the very opposite things from those which to-day we revere, had—for the longest period—consciousness upon their side and God as their guardian. Hybris is to-day our whole attitude towards nature, our violation of

nature with the aid of machines and the quite unscrupulous inventiveness of technologists and engineers. Hybris is our attitude towards God, say rather towards any alleged spider of purpose and morality, seated behind the great cobweb and catch-trap of causativeness. We might say with Charles the Bold, when warring against Louis the Eleventh: *"Je combats l'universelle araignée."* Hybris is our attitude towards *ourselves;* for we experiment upon ourselves, as we should not allow upon any other animal, and quite merrily and curiously rip up our soul in our live body. What do we care for the salvation of the soul! Afterwards we heal ourselves. To be sick is instructive, no question whatever—more instructive even than to be well. The *sickmakers* seem to us to be more necessary to-day than any medicine-men and "saviours." We now violate ourselves, no doubt whatever, we nut-crackers of the soul, we questioners and questionable ones, as if life were nothing but sheer nut-cracking; and, by virtue of that, we must, from day to day, become more questionable, more *worthy* to question, and hence perhaps also worthier—to live? All good things were at one time bad things; every original sin has developed into an original virtue. Matrimony, for instance, seemed for a long time to be a trespass upon the right of the community; formerly a fine was paid for the presumption of claiming a woman for one's self (under this head must be considered,

for instance, the *jus primæ noctis*,—at this very day in Combodja the prerogative of the priests, these preservers of "good old customs"). The gentle, benevolent, indulgent, sympathetic feelings—rated at present so high that they almost are the "values as such"—were for the longest period branded self-contempt. People were ashamed of "mildness," as one now is ashamed of severity (*cf. Beyond Good and Evil,* Aph. 260). The submission to law—oh, with what opposition of conscience the noble families have relinquished their privilege of *vendetta* and acknowledged the supremacy of law! "Law" for a long time was a *vetitum,* a crime, an innovation; it made its appearance with violence,—*as* a violence to which man did not submit but with shame to himself. Every step on earth, however small, has, in past ages, been contended for with spiritual and bodily pangs. This entire point of view, "that not only progress, nay, the mere act of going, motion, change, has needed its countless martyrs, sounds very strange just to-day. (I have placed it in its proper light in *Dawn of the Day* Aph. 18). "Nothing," I say in that work (Aph. 18), "has been more dearly paid for than the trifle of human reason and of the feeling of freedom which constitutes our pride to-day. But this pride it is which renders it almost impossible for us to share the feelings of those immense periods of the "morality of custom" which precede "general history," and which constitute

real, principal and decisive history in which the character of mankind was fixed—those times in which suffering was identified with virtue, cruelty with virtue, simulation with virtue, revenge with virtue, the negation of reason with virtue; and, on the other hand, welfare with danger, thirst of knowledge with danger, peace with danger, pity with danger, the being-pitied with disgrace, labour with disgrace, madness with godlikeness, *change* with immorality and doom!"

10

In the same work (Aph. 42) is explained by what valuation, under what *pressure* of valuation, the oldest race of contemplative men was forced to live,—as men despised to precisely the extent that they were not feared! Contemplation has first made its appearance on earth in muffled guise, in questionable repute, with evil heart, and often with a timorous head; no doubt whatever! That which was inactive, brooding, unwarlike in the instincts of contemplative men, for a long time enshrouded them in deep mistrust. To counteract this there was no other expedient but to beget *fear* in others. And this art the ancient Brahmans, for instance, understood to perfection! These most ancient philosophers contrived to give to their life and appearance a sense, a footing and backing, such as might teach their fellowmen to *fear* them. Considered more exactly they were prompted by a still more funda-

mental need,—that of begetting, in themselves, fear and reverence of themselves. For in themselves they found all valuations turned *against* themselves; they had, against "the philosopher in themselves," to combat and subdue every variety of suspicion and opposition. And, as beings of a terrible age, they did so with terrible means: self-cruelty, inventive self-mortification—that was the principal means of these power-craving hermits and thought-innovators who, to enable themselves to *believe* in their own innovation, required to do violence to the Gods and to tradition in themselves. I recall the celebrated story of King Viçvamitra who, by thousands of years of self-torture, attained to such consciousness of power and self-confidence that he undertook to build a *new heaven*;—the awful symbol of the oldest as well as of the most recent philosopher's history on earth;—all those who undertook at some time or other to build a "new heaven" found the power for such an undertaking only in their *own hell*. Let us compress all facts into short formulæ: the philosophical spirit has at all times been compelled to adopt provisionally the garb and guise of the *priorily-established* type of contemplative man, as priest, sorcerer, soothsayer,—in general, as religious man, in order *to be*, in some measure at least, even so much as *possible*. For a long time *the ascetic ideal* served the philosopher as a form of appearance, as a condition of existence. He had to *represent* this ideal, to

be able to be a philosopher; he had to believe in this ideal, to be able to represent it. The peculiarly world-negating, life-hostile, sense-doubting, de-sensualised state of aloof-keeping of philosophers, which has been maintained up to most recent times, and thereby has almost come to be recognised as the *philosophers' attitude as such,*—is, above all, a consequence of a deficiency and of the conditions under which philosophy came into, and maintained her existence, in so far as for the longest time philosophy would have been *quite impossible* on earth, but for some ascetic garb and integument, but for some ascetic self-misunderstanding. Clearly and ostensibly expressed: the ascetic priest has until quite recent times acted as the dismal and repulsive larva under which alone philosophy was permitted to live and move about .... Has this state of affairs really *changed?* Has that many-coloured and dangerous winged-animal, that "spirit" which this larva contained, thanks to a sunnier, warmer, more enlightened world, after all succeeded in breaking its prison and in escaping to the light of day? Is the supply of pride, of daring, of bravery, of self-confidence, of will of the spirit, of will to responsibility, of *freedom of will,* already large enough to-day for "the philosopher" *to be* henceforth really—*possible* on earth? ....

11

Only now, after having gained sight of the *ascetic priest,* we attack seriously our problem: what does the ascetic ideal mean?—Only now matters are growing "earnest." Now we stand face to face with the true *representative of all earnest.* "What does all earnest mean?" This even still more fundamental question will perhaps forthwith prepare to escape our lips: a question for physiologists, of course, which we, however, for the present glide past. The ascetic priest has in that ideal not only his faith, but also his will, his power, his interest. His *right* to exist stands and falls with that ideal; no wonder if here we encounter a dangerous antagonist (assuming us to be the antagonists of that ideal), an antagonist who will fight for his existence against the deniers of that ideal? . . . . On the other hand it will *ipso facto* not be very probable that such a prepossession in favour of our problem will be especially useful for it. The ascetic priest himself will not very likely make the most successful defender of his own ideal (for precisely the same reason that a woman is wont to make a mess of it, when she undertakes to defend "woman as such") and far less the most objective judge and referee in the controversy raised here. More likely—and this much is plain even now—he will need our help in order to defend himself well against ourselves, than

that we need fear a too good refutation on his part .... The thought round which the struggle turns is the *valuation* of our life as pronounced by the ascetic priest. Life (together with that of which it forms part —"nature," "world," the entire sphere of becoming and of change) is brought by him into relation with an existence of an altogether different kind, to which it bears an antithetical and exclusive attitude, *unless it be* that it turn against itself, *that it negate itself.* In this case—the case of an ascetic life—life is regarded as a bridge leading to that other existence. The ascetic treats life as a wrong way which man had best retrace to the point whence it starts; or as an error which can be, should be disproved by our deeds. For he *demands* that one should follow him; he enforces, wherever he can, *his* valuation of existence. What does that mean? A manner of valuation thus eccentric is not marked down in the history of man, as an exception and *curiosum.* It is one of the most diffused and longest facts in existence. Read from some far-off star, the majuscules of our earthly existence would perhaps lead the looker-on to infer that our earth is the essentially *ascetic star*—a corner of malcontent, conceited and ugly creatures, unable to rid themselves of a deep chagrin at self, at the earth, at all life, and causing each other as much pain as possible, from the pleasure of causing pain:—probably, their only pleasure. Let us but consider how regularly, how

universally, how almost at any period, the ascetic priest makes his appearance; he does not belong, exclusively, to any one race; he flourishes anywhere; he grows out of all classes. Wrong it were to suppose that he fosters and propagates his manner of valuation by way of heredity. The contrary is the case: a deep instinct rather denies him, all in all, propagation. It must be a necessity of cardinal import, which will have this kind of *life-inimical* species thrive and flourish again and again—or, perhaps, it is an interest of *life itself,* which prevents this type of self-contradiction from dying out. For an ascetic life is a self-contradiction. Here a most extraordinary resentment prevails,—the resentment of an insatiate instinct and will to power, which would fain lord it—not merely over something in life—but over life itself, over the deepest, strongest and most fundamental conditions of life. Here an attempt is made to use power for the purpose of stopping the sources of power. Here physiological thriving itself—especially its expression, beauty and joy—is viewed with dark and jealous eye; whereas a satisfaction is felt and *sought* in all abortive, degenerate growth, in pain, in mishap, in ugliness, in voluntary detraction, in self-mortification, in self-castigation, in self-sacrificing. All this is paradoxical in the highest degree. We have before us a case of duality which *wills* itself dual; which in this suffering *enjoys* itself and grows more

and ever more self-confident and triumphant, in proportion as its own presupposition—physiological vitality —*diminishes*. "Triumph in the very hour of last agony:" under this superlative symbol all battles of the ascetic ideal have ever been fought. In this riddle of seduction, in this emblem of ecstasy and torture, it perceived its own brightest light, its salvation, its final victory. *Crux, nux, lux*—these three with it are one.

12

Assuming that this kind of impersonate will to contradiction and anti-naturalness undertakes to *philosophise*—against what will it discharge its inmost arbitrariness? Against that which is felt to be most certainly true, real. It will seek for *error* even there where the functional instinct of life in an absolute way posits truth. It will for instance, in the manner of the ascetics of Vedânta philosophy, abase corporality to mere illusion, as also pain, multiplicity, the entire antithesis between the concepts of "subject" and "object." Errors, all errors! To refuse to believe in one's own *ego*, to deny one's own "reality"—what triumph! no longer over the senses merely, over visible nature, no! a much higher kind of triumph, a violation and cruelty against *reason* itself; which voluptuousness reaches its climax, when the ascetic self-contempt and self-scorn of reason decrees that *there is* a realm of

truth and of being, but just reason is *shut out* from it. (By the bye: even in the Kantian concept of the "intelligible character of things" a trace of this libidinous asceticist-duality—which delights in setting reason against reason—still remains. "Intelligible character," to wit, with Kant betokens a kind of condition of things of which the intellect comprehends just this that it is for the intellect *altogether incomprehensible*.)—Let us finally—cognisers as we are—be not ungrateful to such resolute subversions of the ordinary perspectives and valuations with which the spirit has, for all too long a time and, as it would seem, criminally and futilely raged against itself! Thus to see and to *will* to see things in another manner forms a most excellent training and preparation of the intellect for its future "objectivity"—understanding the latter to be not an "uninterested contemplation" (which is a perversity and misconcept) but as the faculty of *commanding* and *disposing*, at perfect pleasure, of our For and our Against, to put in and unhinge them: so that one knows how to make use of the very manifoldness of perspectives and emotional interpretations for the furtherance of knowledge. For, Messieurs the philosophers, let us henceforth guard ourselves better against the dangerous old fabling with concepts which posited a "pure, will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge;" let us guard ourselves against the clutches of such contradictory concepts as "pure reason," "absolute spirit-

uality," "cognition as such." Here always an eye is postulated to be conceived which cannot be conceived; an eye which is asked to have no direction at all; an eye the active and interpretative faculties of which are asked to be tied up or wanting altogether,—through which alone a looking at becomes a seeing something; *i. e.*, a perversity and misconcept of an eye is postulated. There is no other seeing but a perspective seeing; there is no other knowing but a perspective "knowing;" and the more emotions we make speak on a matter, the more eyes, the more different eyes, we place in our face, the more complete will be our "concept" of this matter, our "objectivity." But to eliminate will altogether, to unhinge—provided this were possible—each and every emotion—what? would not this mean to *castrate* the intellect? . . . .

13.

But let us revert! The kind of self-contradiction which seems to present itself in the ascetic, *i. e.*, "life *against* life," is—this much is clear on the face of it—physiologically (and no longer psychologically) considered, sheer nonsense. It can be but a *seeming* contradiction; it is to be expected to be a kind of provisional expression, an interpretation, formula, accommodation, a psychological misunderstanding of a something the real nature of which could, for a long

time, not be understood, not be denoted *by itself*—a mere word crammed into an old *gap* of human knowledge. And, to state briefly the facts of the case: *the ascetic ideal is prompted by the self-protective and self-preservative instinct of degenerating life*—a life which struggles for existence and seeks to maintain itself by all means; it points to a partial physiological stagnation and languishment which the deepest, intact-preserved instincts of life incessantly seek to counteract with ever changing means and inventions. The ascetic ideal is such a means: and hence precisely the reverse is the case from what the worshippers of this ideal believe—in it and through it life struggles with and *against* death; the ascetic ideal is an artifice for the *preservation* of life. In the fact that this ideal could, to the extent that history teaches us, sway and prevail over man, and especially wherever the civilising and taming of man was enforced, an important truth is expressed: the morbidity of the type of man which hitherto prevailed, at least of tamed man; the physiological wrestling of man with death (more exactly stated: with the surfeit of life, with weariness, with the wish for the "end"). The ascetic priest is the incarnate wish for a state of being otherwise, being elsewhere; in fact, the highest grade of this wish, the hottest fervour and passion of this wish. But the very *power* of his wishing is the chain which binds him fast to life and makes him a tool for bringing about

more favourable conditions, for being here and being a man. By this very power and by leading them instinctively as their shepherd, he holds fast to existence the entire herd of the mis-fashioned, the disappointed, the maltreated, the defective, every description of sufferers from their self. I am already understood: this ascetic priest, this seeming enemy of life, this *benayer*,—this very man is among the great *conserving*, and *yea-creative* powers of life . . . . On what turns it, that morbidity? For man, no question whatever, is sicker, less secure, more changeable, more unfixed than any other animal—he is *the* sick animal. And why so? Certainly he has also dared more, innovated more, defied more, challenged fate more than all other animals taken together—he, the great self-experimenter, the unsatisfied and insatiate one, struggling with animal nature and the gods for final supremacy—he, the still unconquered, the eternally futurous one, who finds no rest from his own thronging power, so that his future like a spur inexorably rakes the flesh of every Now of his. How could it happen that such a courageous and rich animal should not also be of all sick animals the one most jeopardised, the one with the longest and deepest sickness? Man is satiated to surfeit, often enough; there are entire epidemics of this satiety (for instance, about the year 1348, the time of the "dance of death"). But even this nausea, this weariness, this self-annoyance—all this be-

comes so powerfully apparent in him that at once it turns into an additional fetter. The Nay which he pronounces upon life brings to light, as if by magic, an abundance of more delicate Yeas. Nay, when he has *wounded* himself—this master of destruction, of self-destruction—it is the wound itself which forces him *to live* . . . .

14

The more normal the sickliness in man—and we cannot deny this normality—the more highly those rare cases of spiritual and bodily capability, the *lucky cases* of man, should be honoured; and the more rigorously the well-constituted should be guarded against that worst air, sickroom air. Is that done? . . . . The sick are the greatest danger for the sound. *Not* from the strongest do bale and mischief come upon the strong, but from the weakest. Is that known? . . . . All in all, it is by no means the diminution of the fear of man which is desirable. For this fear compels the strong to be strong, nay, as the case may be, even terrible. Fear *preserves* the well-constituted type of man. That which really is to be feared, that which proves fatal beyond all fatalities—is not the great fear, but the great *surfeit* of man, and in the same way the great *pity* for man. Assuming that someday these two were to embrace in wedlock, then forthwith something most awful would inevitably be born—the

last will of man, his will to the Nothing, nihilism. And truly, for that much has been prepared. He who smells not only with his nose but with his eyes and ears as well, will, almost wherever he steps to-day, experience a sensation as of mad- and sick-house air. (I am, as is but fair, speaking here of the realm of human civilisation,—of every kind of "Europe" existing now-a-days on earth.) The *sickly* are the great danger of man: not the evil, not the "beasts of prey." They who are ill-shaped, prostrated and wrecked from birth—they, the *weakest,* are those who most undermine life among men; who most dangerously poison and question our confidence in life, in man, in ourselves. Where do we not encounter it—that veiled look which begets in our mind a heavy sadness; that retrospective look of the primordially aborted one which betrays how such a man speaks to himself; that look which is a sigh. "Would I were some one else!" this look will sigh. "But all hope is vain. I am he that I am. How could I flee myself from myself? And yet *I am tired of myself.*" Out of such a soil of self-contempt—a truly swampy soil—every weed and poisonous herb will grow, and everything so pettily, so secretly, so dishonestly, so sweetishly. Here the feelings of resentment and revenge will swarm like so much vermin; here the air will stink of secretnesses and unconfessednesses; here continually a net will be spun of the most

malignant conspiracy—the conspiracy of sufferers against the well-constituted and victorious; here the aspect of the victorious will be *hated*. And what a falsehood is employed to conceal that this hatred is hatred! What pageant of great words and attitudes; what art of "righteous" calumny! These ill-constituted—what noble eloquence streams from their lips! How much sugared, slimy, humble resignation beams from *their* eyes! What is it they wish? At least to *represent* justice, love, wisdom, superiority—such is the ambition of these "lowest," these sick ones. And what dexterity such an ambition gives! Let people admire especially the counterfeiter-skilfulness with which the stamp of virtue, nay, even its metal "ring," the gold-sound of virtue, is imitated. No doubt, they have now got a monopoly of virtue, these weak and hopelessly sick ones. "We alone are the good, the just," they say; "we alone are the *homines bonæ voluntatis*." They walk about among us like so many live reproaches, like so many warnings—just as if health, well-constitutedness, strength, pride, consciousness of power, were, in themselves, vicious things which one day must be atoned for, bitterly atoned for. Oh, how much are they at bottom ready to *make* others atone for!—Oh, how much long they to play the *hangman!* Among them there is an abundance of such as are revengeful ones disguised as judges, who always carry about in their mouths the word "justice"

like a poisonous spittle; ever with rounded lips, ever ready to spit on everything which is not, like themselves, "of sad countenance," but cheerfully pursues its way. Neither is there wanting among them that most detestable species of the vain—those abortions given to lying whose ambition it is to represent "beautiful souls" and peradventure bring to market their bungled sensuality wrapped in verse and other napkins, calling it "purity of heart:" the species of moral onanists and "self-gratifiers." The will of the sick to represent some form or other of superiority; their instinct for finding secret ways leading to a tyranny over the sound—where could it *not* be found, this will to power of the very weakest! Sick woman especially; no one excels more in *raffinements*—of ruling, of oppressing, of tyrannising. A sick woman will spare nothing living, nothing dead; she will dig up the most deeply buried things (the Bogos say: "Woman is a hyena"). Let people glance into the backgrounds of every family, every corporation, every community: everywhere there exists the battle of the sick with the sound—generally, a silent battle carried on with little poisonous mixtures, with needle-pricks, with malignant sufferers' countenance, but occasionally also with that sick-pharisaism of *ostentative* posture which delights most of all in playing "noble indignation." Even as far as the hallowed realms of science it would like to be heard—the hoarse indignant barking of the sickly dogs,

the mordacious lying and fury of such "noble" Pharisees. (Readers, who have ears may be reminded once again of that Eugen Dühring, the Berlin apostle of revenge, who in the Germany of to-day makes the most indecent and repulsive use of moral *bum-bum*; Dühring, the biggest moral braggadocio now in existence, not even excepting his kin, the anti-Semites). All these are men of resentment, these physiological failures and worm-eaten creatures, a whole, trembling soil of subterranean revenge; inexhaustible, insatiable in outbursts against the happy, as well as in masquerades of revenge, in pretexts to revenge. When, we ask, would they attain their final, finest, sublimest triumph of revenge? At the moment, no doubt, when they should succeed in *charging* their own misery—all misery in the world— *to the conscience* of the happy, so that someday these would begin to be ashamed of their happiness and probably declare among themselves: "It is a disgrace to be happy! *There is too much misery!*" But there could be no greater, no more fatal misunderstanding than if thus the happy, the well-constituted, the mighty in body and soul were to begin to doubt their own *right to happiness*. Away, with this world "turned upside down!" Away, with this shameful effeminacy of sentiment! That the sick may *not* make the sound sick—and this would be the meaning of such an effeminacy—surely, this should be the first point of view on earth. But for that the first condition

is that the sound be *removed* from the sick, guarded from the very aspect of the sick, that they may not confuse themselves with the sick. Or is it peradventure their task to be the nurses and leeches of the sick? But they could not more misjudge or abnegate *their own* task than if they did so. What is higher *shall* not degrade itself to a tool of what is lower; the pathos of distance *shall* to all eternity keep tasks asunder as well as other things. For the right of the happy to exist, to be there, is a thousand times greater; just as the privilege of the sonorous bell beats that of the bell discordant and cracked. The happy alone are the pledges of the future; they alone lie under an *obligation* for the future of man. What *they* are able to do, what *they* shall do, that the sick could never and should never do. But *in order that* they may do what only *they* shall do, how could they be at liberty to act also as leeches, comforters, "saviours" of the sick? And therefore, good air! good air! And at any rate, away from the neighbourhood of all sick- and mad-houses of civilisation! And therefore, good company, *our* company! Or loneliness, if so be it must! But away, at any rate, from the foul vapours of internal corruption and the secret worm-eatenness of the sick!... In order that we, my friends, may guard ourselves, for some time at least, against the two most fatal plagues which may have been reserved just for us—against the *great surfeit of man* and the *great pity for man*.

15.

If it has been thoroughly comprehended—and I must insist on the *thorough prehension,* thorough comprehension of this necessity—that it can, under no circumstances, be the task of the sound to wait upon the sick, to make the sick whole, then also another necessity has been comprehended,—the necessity of leeches and nurses *who are themselves sick.* And now we have and hold with both hands the sense of the ascetic priest. The ascetic priest must be taken as the predestined saviour, herdsman and advocate of the sick herd; it is only thereby that we understand his vast historic mission. *The sway over suffering* is his kingdom; to it his instinct leads him; in it he proves his own most private art, his mastery, his kind of happiness. To understand the sick one and disinherited one and himself in them, he must be sick himself, he must be thoroughly related to them. But he must also be strong, be more completely master of himself even than of others, be undaunted, especially in his will to power—in order to secure for himself the confidence and the fear of the sick, in order to be a hold, an opposition, a support, a constraint, a taskmaster, a tyrant, a god for them. He has to defend them, his herd. Against whom? Against the sound, no doubt whatever, and also against their envy of the sound; he must be the natural opponent *and despiser* of all

health and capability which are rude, impetuous, unbridled, brutal, relentless, robber-animal-like. The priest is the first form of that *more* delicate animal which is quicker to despise than to hate. He will not be spared the necessity of waging war against the beasts of prey, a war of cunning (of "spirit") rather than of power, as is self-evident; for that he will, under certain circumstances, be compelled to fashion of himself almost a new variety of the beast of prey type, or, at least, to *signify* such a type—a new animal monstrosity in which the ice-bear, the agile and calmly-deliberative tiger-cat and, last but not least, the fox seem to be fused into a unity interesting and at the same time awe-inspiring. Suppose he is compelled by need, he may, with bearlike earnestness, gravity, sagacity, coldness and superior craft, make his appearance among the other kind of beasts of prey; as the herald and mouth-piece of more mysterious powers; with the resolution of scattering, wherever he can, the seed of mischief, discord and self-contradiction on this soil; and only too sure of his power to lord it over *sufferers* at all times. He brings with him salves and balms, no doubt whatever; but before acting as a leech he must inflict the wound. Then, in the very act of soothing the pain caused by the wound, *he will at the same time pour poison into the wound.* For in this art he is master, this great sorcerer and tamer of beasts of prey, in whose presence whatever is sound,

of necessity becomes sick, and whatever is sick, tame. And truly, well enough he will defend his herd—this curious herdsman. He will also defend it against itself, against the meanness, knavery, malignity secretly smouldering within the herd; against whatever is owned by all the sick and sickly among themselves. He wages a prudent, hard and secret war against anarchy and self-dissolution, threatening at any moment to break out in the herd in which that most dangerous blasting and explosive power—*resentment*—keeps steadily accumulating. To discharge this powder in such a manner as not to blow up either the herd or the herdsman, this is his specific artist feat, as also his highest usefulness. Were we to express the value of the priestly existence in the shortest formula, we should have straightway to put it thus: the priest is the person who *changes the direction* of resentment. For every sufferer will instinctively seek for a cause of his suffering; more exactly, a doer; still more definitely a doer susceptible of suffering, and *guilty;* in short, anything living against which, under some pretence or other, he may discharge his emotions—either *in deed* or in effigy. For the discharge of emotions is the greatest attempt on the part of the sufferer to procure for himself alleviation—or rather, to bring about *stupefaction* of his pain. It is his narcotic which he wants instinctively against pain of any kind. Here only, according to my supposition, is to be found the real

physiological causality of resentment, revenge and their sister-feelings, *i. e.,* in a longing for *stupefaction of pain through an emotion.* That causality is generally and, as I think, very erroneously, sought for in a counter-thrust given in defence, a mere protective measure of reaction, a "reflex-motion" in case of a sudden injury or impending danger, such as is still performed by a decapitated frog which tries to rid himself of some macerating acid. But the difference is fundamental: in the one case the guarding against further injury is intended; in the other the object is to *narcotise* some torturing, secret pain which grows intolerable, by means of a violent emotion of any kind, and to remove it, for the moment at least, from consciousness. For this an emotion is needed, the wilder the better; and for causing it, some pretence is required. "Somebody must be to blame because I *feel* badly"—this kind of logic is shared by all the sick; and this is the more the case the more the true—the physiological—cause of their feeling badly is hidden to them. (It may peradventure consist in a diseased state of the *nervus sympathicus,* or in an abnormally large secretion of bile, or in a poverty of the blood in sulphate and phosphate of potash, or in pressures in the abdomen which impede the circulation of the blood, or in a degeneration of the ovaries and the like). All sufferers show a frightful readiness and inventiveness in pretexts to painful emotions. They rejoice in their sus-

picion and in the brooding over wrongs and seeming injuries suffered from others. They ransack the intestines of their past and their present for dark and suspicious stories in which they are at liberty to revel in some harassing suspicion and narcotise themselves with their own poison of malignity. They will tear open the oldest wounds; they bleed to death from scars healed long ago; they make evil-doers of friend, wife and child and whatever else is nearest them. "I suffer; for this some one must be to blame"—so all sick sheep think. But their shepherd, the ascetic priest, says: "Right so, my sheep! Some one must be to blame for this. But thou thyself art this some one; thou thyself art alone to blame for this; *thou thyself art alone to blame for thyself!*" . . . . This is bold enough and false enough. But one thing, at least, is attained through it; as we have seen, the direction of resentment—is *changed.*

16

Now my readers will make out what the Esculapian instincts of life have accomplished or, at least, have *tried* to accomplish through the ascetic priest, and for what purpose he has used, for the time being, the tyranny of such paradoxical and paralogical concepts as "guilt," "sin," "sinfulness," "perdition," "damnation;" to render, in some measure, the sick *harmless;* to destroy the incurable through themselves; to

give the less diseased strictly the direction towards themselves, a backward direction of their resentment (*"One thing is needed"*); and to *make full use,* in this manner, of the bad instincts of all sufferers for the purpose of self-discipline, self-control and self-vanquishment. It is apparent that a "medication" of this kind (a mere medication of emotions) is nothing less than an actual *healing* of the sick in the physiological sense. One is not even entitled to maintain that the instinct of life therewith in any way has in view the end and aim of healing. A kind of crowding and organisation of the sick on the one side (the most popular term for this is "church") and, on the other side, a kind of provisional protection of the more soundly-constituted, the more full-fraught,—the tearing-up of a *gap* between the sound and the sick—this was, for a long time, the only thing done! And it was much! *very much!* . . . . [It will be observed that, in the present essay, I have started out with a presupposition which, with the class of readers I stand in need of, requires no demonstration: that "sinfulness" in man is not a matter of the fact, but only the interpretation of a fact, *viz.,* of a physiological depression—the latter being viewed in the perspective of morality and religion, which for us has lost its obligatory force.—The fact that any one *feels* himself "guilty" or "sinful," by no means proves that he is right in feeling himself so; as little as that anybody is well merely because

he feels well. I but recall the celebrated witch-trials. In those days the most sagacious and humanest judges did not doubt the actual existence of a guilt; the "witches" themselves *did not doubt it,*—and yet, such a guilt did not exist.—To express this presupposition in an enlarged form: "mental pangs" themselves I do not recognise as a fact at all, but only as an interpretation (causal interpretation) of facts which so far defied exact formulation: as something, therefore, which has, so far, escaped our grasp and is scientifically not binding—no more than a stout word in place of a consumptive interrogation mark. If any one cannot away with "mental pangs," the fault, roughly speaking, lies not in his "soul," but rather in his belly (I say, roughly speaking, which, however, by no means implies the wish to be roughly heard, roughly understood . . . .) A strong and well-fashioned man will digest his experiences (including deeds and misdeeds) as he will his meals, even if he has to devour hard morsels. In case he fail to "get beyond" an experience, this kind of indigestion is physiological no less than that other—and, in many cases, merely one of the consequences of the other.—With such a view, one may, *entre nous,* nevertheless be the most determined opponent of all materialism . . . .]

17

But is he, actually, a *leech,* this ascetic priest? We have already seen in what respect we are hardly justified in calling him a leech, however much he likes to feel himself a "saviour," to be revered as a "saviour." It is only suffering itself, the distemper of the sufferer, which he combats; *not* the cause of these states, *not* actual sickness. This must constitute our most fundamental objection to priestly medication. But if we, over and above, place ourselves in the perspective which the priest alone knows and holds, then our admiration will know no bounds in beholding how much he has seen, sought and found in it. The *mitigation* of suffering, the "comforting" in all its forms, appears to be his proper genius. How ingeniously has he understood his task of "comforter!" How recklessly and daringly has he chosen the means for it! Christianity, especially, might be called a great storehouse of most ingenious sedatives; containing, as it does, so many restorative, palliative and narcotising physics and potions; having dared, as it did, so many most dangerous and bold things for that purpose; and having made out, as it did, in such a fine, refined, southern-refined fashion by what stimulative emotions, temporarily at least, the deep depression, the leaden languor, the sullen sadness of the physiologically depressed can be conquered. For generally speaking: the prin-

cipal problem of all great religions was to combat a certain heaviness and weariness which had become epidemic. We may posit as extremely probable that from time to time on certain spots of the earth, almost necessarily a *feeling of physiological depression* will prevail over large masses of people, which, however, from a lack of physiological knowledge, does not appear in consciousness as such, so that the "cause" of it, the treatment to be applied to it, can only be sought for and tried in an exclusively psychologico-moral way. (This, to wit, is my most general formula of that which ordinarily is called *"religion."*) Such a feeling of depression may be of the most diverse origin: it may, peradventure, be the consequence of an intermingling of all too heterogenous races (or of classes; classes always express differences of descent and race; European "resignation," the "pessimism" of the nineteenth century is, in the main, the consequence of an irrationally sudden intermingling of the classes); or it may be due to a wrongly-directed emigration—a race having come into a climate for which its powers of adaptation are insufficient (the case of the Indians in India); or the effect of age and exhaustion of the race (Parisian pessimism after 1850); or to improper diet (alcoholism of the middle ages; the nonsense of the vegetarians, who, of course, have the authority of younker Christopher in Shakespeare to speak in their favour); or of blood-poisoning, malaria, syphilis and

the like (German depression after the Thirty-years' War, which infected the half of Germany with pestilential diseases and thus paved the way for German servility, German faint-heartedness). In every such case on the largest scale a *war* is waged *against the feeling of low-spiritedness*. Let us take a short survey of the most important practics and forms of it. (Here, as is but fair, I pass over entirely the specific *philosophers'*-struggle against the feeling of low-spiritedness, which, as a rule, is contemporaneous with it. It is interesting enough, but too absurd, too practically indifferent, too cobweb-like and commonplace: *e. g.*, when an attempt is made to demonstrate the erroneousness of pain,—by naïvely supposing that pain *must* vanish as soon as the illusoriness of it is recognised —but lo and behold! it took good care not to vanish...) That dominating low-spiritedness is combated *first of all* by such means as will reduce vitality in general to its lowest point. If possible, no more willing and no more wishing at all; to avoid all that causes emotions, that makes "blood" (to eat no salt; hygiene of the fakir); not to love; not to hate; equanimity; not to take revenge; not to enrich one's self; not to work; to beg; if possible, no woman, or as little woman as possible; in spiritual respects the maxim of Pascal, *"il faut s'abêtir."* Result, expressed psychologico-morally, "self-mortification," "sanctification;" expressed physiologically, hypnotisation,—the endeav-

our to bring about for man a state approximately equivalent to the *winter-sleep* of some kinds of animals, or the *summer-sleep* of many equatorial plants, —a minimum of nourishment and metabolism with which life can just exist but no more rises to the threshold of consciousness. To compass this end, an astonishing amount of human energy has been expended. In vain, peradventure? . . . . That such sportsmen of "holiness," who abound at all times and almost among all peoples, did really succeed in finding for themselves a salvation from that which they combated by means of such rigorous training, this must not be doubted. By means of their system of hypnotic processes, they did, in countless cases, actually succeed in getting *rid* of that deep physiological depression, and hence their methodic reckons among the most general ethnological facts. Nor have we any right to count (in the manner of a certain clumsy kind of roastbeef-chewing "freethinkers" and younker Christophers) such an intention of starving the body and the "desire" as in itself among the symptoms of insanity. The more certain it is that it is, or may be, the way to all kinds of mental disturbances—for instance, to "inner lights" (as in the case of the Hesychasts on Mount Athos), or to hallucinations of sounds and apparitions, or to voluptuous outbursts and ecstasies of sensuality (story of St. Theresa). The interpretation given to this kind of conditions by those

who are subject to them has, as is self-evident, always been as fancifully-false as possible. Yet, let people not over-hear the tone of most deeply convinced thankfulness which sounds even in the mere *will* to this kind of interpretation. The most exalted state, *salvation* itself, that finally attained total hypnotisation and stillness, they always regard as the mystery in itself, for the expression of which not even the highest symbols will suffice,—as a putting up at, and return to, the inmost nature, as a becoming free from all illusion, as "knowing," as "truth," as "being:" as an escape from every goal, every desire, every doing; also as a Beyond Good and Evil. "Good and Evil," says the Buddhist," both are fetters; each is mastered by the perfect one." "Deeds and not-deeds," says the believer of the Vedânta, "do not bring him pain. Good and Evil, either he shakes from him, being a wise man; his realm no longer suffers from any deed; Good and Evil, he has transcended both." This view, we see, prevails in the whole of India, in Brahmanism as well as in Buddhism. (Neither according to the Indian nor the Christian manner of thinking is that "salvation" regarded as attainable through virtue, through moral improvement, highly though the hypnotising value of virtue be prized in these religions. This must be borne in mind. It is, by the bye, simply in accordance with facts. To have, in this respect, remained *true,* may perhaps be regarded as the best

bit of realism in the three greatest and otherwise so thoroughly moralised religions. "For the knowing one no duty exists" . . . . By the *apposition* of virtues salvation is not attained ; for salvation consists in the being at one with the Brahman which allows of no increase of perfection ; nor is it attained by the *deposition* of vices ; for the Brahman, with which to be at one constitutes that which is salvation, is eternally pure." These passages are taken from the commentary of the Çankara, as quoted by the first true *connoisseur* of Indian Philosophy in Europe, my friend Paul Deussen). The "salvation" in the great religions we shall therefore honour. A little difficult we find it, however, to preserve a serious countenance when seeing the valuation at which a thing so small as *deep sleep* is held by these life-weary ones who have grown too tired even for dreaming ; deep sleep being regarded as an entering into the Brahman, as the *attained unio mystica* with God. "When he afterwards has altogether fallen asleep"—thus we are taught in the oldest and most venerable "scripture"—"and fully come to rest, so that no longer he will behold anything in dream, then he is, O dear one, united with that which is; into himself he has entered ; enshrouded by the knowledge-like self he no longer has any consciousness of that which is Without or Within. This bridge is not passed over by the day nor by the night, not by age nor by death, not by suffering, not by a good deed

nor an evil deed." "In deep sleep," so say likewise the faithful of this deepest of the three great religions, "the soul rises from the body, enters into the highest light and thereby appears in its proper form: then it is the highest spirit itself which walks about, jesting and sporting and joying, be it with women, with waggons or with friends; then it thinks no longer of this bodily appendage to which the *prâna* (the life-breath) is yoked, as a cart-horse is to the cart." Nevertheless, here also, as in the case of "salvation," we shall never lose sight of the fact that, however much resplendent with oriental exaggeration, at bottom the very same valuation is expressed, which was the valuation of the clear, calm, Grecian-calm, but suffering Epicurus: the hypnotic feeling of nothingness, the rest of deepest sleep, *impassiveness* in short. This state with the suffering and thoroughly-disappointed may pass for the highest good, for the value of values; it *must* receive positive value and be regarded as the positive itself. (According to the same logic of feeling, in all pessimistic religions, the nothing is called *God.)*

18

Much more frequently than such an hypnotic subduing of all sensibility, of sensitiveness (which presupposes comparatively rare powers, above all, courage, contempt of the opinion of others, "intellectual Stoicism"),

another and much easier training is tried as a remedy for states of depression : *machinal activity*. That thereby in no slight degree a sufferer's existence is made more bearable, is true beyond a doubt. In our days this fact is rather equivocally called "the blessings of labour." The alleviation consists in the sufferer's interest being deliberately turned away from his suffering,—so that, continually, an acting, and again an acting only, rises into consciousness, little room being left in consequence for suffering. For it is *narrow*, this chamber of human consciousness ! Machinal activity and all its appurtenances—such as absolute regularity, punctual and unconditional obedience, the final regulation of habits, the filling-up of one's time, a certain permission of, nay training to, "impersonality," to self-forgetting, to *incuria sui* : how thoroughly, how cunningly, has the ascetic priest understood to avail himself of this activity in the war against pain ! Especially when he had to deal with sufferers coming from the lower classes, with working-slaves or prisoners (or women, who, as a rule, are both in one, working-slaves and prisoners), all that was requisite for making them thenceforth regard things hated as a boon, a relative happiness, was a little art in changing names and anabaptising things. The discontent of the slave with his lot at any rate has not been invented by priests.—A still more highly prized means in the struggle with depression is the ordaining of a *little joy*, easily

accessible and capable of being made the rule. This medication is frequently employed in connection with the one just mentioned. The most frequent form in which joy is thus ordained as a remedy is the joy of *bringing* joy (such as doing good, making gifts, easing, helping, condoling, consoling, praising, distinguishing). The ascetic priest, by prescribing love for the neighbour, prescribes at bottom a stimulation of the strongest, most "life-asserting" instinct, though in a cautiously weighed out dose—of the *will to power*. The happiness of the "smallest superiority," as afforded by all benefitting, serving, helping, distinguishing, is the most liberal consolatory means the physiologically-depressed are in custom of using, provided they are well advised. If not, they will harass one another,—in obedience, of course, to the same fundamental instinct. If we seek for the beginnings of Christianity in the Roman world, we find societies for mutual help, as societies for the aid of the poor, the sick, burial-societies, grown up from the lowest bottom of the society of that time, consciously practising that principal means against depression, small joy, the joy of mutual benefit. Perhaps, this was something new in those days, quite an invention? In a thus created "will to mutuality," to herd-formation, to "congregation," to the "*cœnaculum*," now in turn that will to power which has, though on a small scale, been thus provoked must rise to a new and much fuller outburst. In the

struggle against depression, the *formation* of herds is a decided advance and victory. The growth of community confirms in the individual a new interest which often enough will raise him above the most personal feeling of malcontent, the aversion from *self* (*"despectio sui"* of Geulinx). Prompted by a desire to cast off the sullen depression and impotence, the sick, the sickly, will instinctively strive for gregarious organisation. The ascetic priest makes out and furthers this instinct. Wherever there are herds, it is the instinct of impotence which willed, and the policy of the priest which organised, herds. For let us not overlook this: it is law universal for the strong to strive *away* from one another, as for the weak to strive *towards* one another. Whenever the former enter into alliance with one another they do so (with much resistance on the part of each individual conscience) solely for the purpose of joint action and aggression, and with the prospect of an aggressive joint-action and a joint-indulgence of their will to power. The weak, on the other hand, will gather together, just taking *delight* in the gathering. In so doing their instinct is appeased, to the same degree as the instinct of the born "masters" (*i. e.*, the solitary beast-of-prey species of man) is by organisation provoked and alarmed from the bottom. Beneath every oligarchy—all history teaches this—the *tyrannic* lusting is always hidden. All oligarchies constantly tremble from the strain which each individual

member requires to check this lusting. (Thus, for instance, was it with the *Greek*. Plato tells us so in a hundred passages,—Plato, who knew his like—*and* himself . . .)

19

The means of the ascetic priest with which hitherto we have become acquainted—the quenching of all vitality, machinal activity, minute joy, above all, the joy of "love for the neighbour," herd-organisation, the arousing of the communal feeling of power, thanks to which the self-dissatisfaction of the individual is stunned by the delight which he takes in the flourishing of the community—these are, judged after modern measure, his *innocent* means in the struggle with "depression." Let us now pass to the more interesting, the "guilty" means. In all of them the point is to effect an *extravagance of feeling,*—which is made to serve as the most effective narcotic against dull, paralysing, persistent suffering. For this reason, priestly inventiveness has been inexhaustible in the excogitation of this one question: *By what* can an extravagance of feeling be effected? . . . This sounds harsh; it is plain it would sound more agreeable and would find more willing ears if I were to speak in some such manner as this: "The ascetic priest at all times availed himself of the *enthusiasm* contained in all strong emotions." But why flatter the dainty ears of our modern tender-

lings? Why should we *for our part* make any concessions, however slight, to their tartuffism of words? Thereby we psychologists would be guilty of a tartuffism *of deed;* apart from the fact that it would beget nausea in us. The good taste—others may say "the honesty"—of a psychologist consists nowadays, if in anything, in his opposing the shamefully-permoralised language by which, as by a phlegm, all modern judging on man and things is covered. Let there be no deception in this point: what constitutes the most pertinent characteristic of modern souls and modern books is not "falsehood," but the incarnate *innocence* in moralistic mendaciousness. To be obliged to re-discover everywhere this "innocence," this constitutes, perhaps, the most repulsive part of our work, of all the rather doubtful work assigned to the modern psychologist for his task. It is a part of *our* great danger, it is a way which may lead just *us* to the great surfeit. I have no doubt as to the only *use* which posterity will make of modern books, of *all* modern things (taking for granted that the books will remain, which, it is true, need hardly be feared, and taking for granted, also, the existence—some day—of a posterity with sterner, severer, healthier taste). It can only be the use as emetics and this because of their moral dulcification and falseness, their inmost femininism which delights in calling itself idealism and, at any rate, believes itself to be so. Our educated classes of

to-day, our "good ones" do not lie, I admit; but it is *not* to their credit! The proper lie, the genuine, resolute, "honest" lie (on the value of which Plato may be consulted) would be far too rigorous, far too strong for them; to ask it of them would be asking what one *dare* never *ask* of them: to open their eyes upon themselves, to know how to distinguish between "true" and "false" with respect to their own persons. Them the *dishonest lie* alone befits. All those who to-day feel themselves as "good men," are perfectly incapable of looking at a subject in any other fashion than the fashion of *dishonestly lying,* profoundly lying, and yet innocently lying, naïvely lying, blue-eyedly lying, virtuously lying. These "good men"—they are now-a-days each and every one, wholly and hopelessly permoralised and, with respect to honesty, spoiled and bungled for aye and evermore. Who among them could yet stand to hear a *truth* "about man!" .... Or more tangibly expressed: who of them could stand a true biography! .... A few symptoms: Lord Byron wrote some most personal things about himself, but Thomas Moore was "too good" for that: he burned the papers of his friend. The same is said to have been done by Dr. Gwinner, the executor of Schopenhauer's will. For Schopenhauer also left a few observations on himself and probably also against himself ("εἰς ἑαυτόν.") The worthy American biographer of Beethoven, Mr. Thayer, came to a sudden halt in his

work: having arrived at a certain point of this most venerable and naïve life, he could stand it no longer. Moral: what sensible man to-day would write an honest word about himself?—unless, perchance, he happened to be a member of the order of Saint Foolhardise. We are promised an autobiography of Richard Wagner;—who doubts that it will be a smart autobiography?... Let us but recall the comical excitement created in Germany by the Roman Catholic priest Janssen, by the extremely "square" and harmless picture which he drew of the movement of the Reformation in Germany. Imagine what would happen if some one were to give us a *different* account of the Reformation, if a true psychologist were to paint for us a true Luther,—no longer with the moralistic simplicity of a country-parson, no longer with the honey-mouthed and regardful modesty of protestant historians, but peradventure, with the intrepidy of Taine, out of strength of soul and not prompted by any prudent indulgence to strength?.... (The Germans, by the bye, have succeeded most admirably in producing the classical type of this indulgence—they may well claim him, claim him to their advantage:—their Leopold Ranke, to wit, this born classical *advocatus* of every *causa fortior,* this cleverest of all clever "matter-of-fact" men.)

20

But, I hope, I am understood by this time. Reason enough,—is it not so?—why we psychologists nowadays should fail to rid ourselves of a certain feeling of mistrust *of ourselves!* . . . . Probably we also are still "too good" for our handicraft; probably we also are the victims of, the prey of, the *sick* of this permoralised taste of our age, much though we do feel ourselves to be the detesters of it; probably we also will be infected by it. What was it that that diplomatist warned of, when speaking to his fellows? "Messieurs," he said, "above all let us mistrust our first emotions! *They are nearly always good.*" . . . . In like manner every modern psychologist should speak to his fellows . . . . And this brings us back to our problem, which does really require some severity on our part, especially some mistrust of "first emotions." *The ascetic ideal in the service of an extravagance of feelings*—he who remembers the preceding essay will anticipate in the main the summary of the contents of that which we have now to consider, and which is pressed into these eleven words. To loose for once the human soul from all its joints; to plunge it into terrors, chills, ardours, ecstasies, so as to rid it—as if by some stroke of lightning—from whatever is petty and trivial in depression, dulness and ill-humour,—what ways lead to *this* goal? and which of them most un-

failingly? . . . . At last all great emotions capable of reaching it, provided that they discharge themselves suddenly,—anger, fear, lustfulness, revenge, hope, triumph, despair, cruelty; and the ascetic priest has actually without hesitation taken into his service the *whole* pack of savage dogs in man and let loose now one and now another; always with the like intention of awakening man from his slow dreariness, of putting to flight, for times at least, his dull pain, his lingering misery; and this always with a religious interpretation and "vindication." Every such extravagance of feeling will, as is self-evident, afterwards make itself *paid* (it will make the sick one still sicker); and hence this kind of treatment is, judged by modern standards, a "guilty" kind. And yet, in behalf of equity, it must the more be insisted upon that this cure has been applied *with good conscience;* that the ascetic priest has presented it in the deepest faith in its utility, nay indispensability; that he even, often enough, almost broke down in presence of the misery which he created; and likewise, that the violent physiological detrimental consequences of such excesses, perhaps even mental derangements, are at bottom by no means adverse to this kind of medication; which, as we have already shown, was *not* directed towards the curing of diseases, but towards the counteracting, the mitigating, the narcotising of the feeling of depression. The end in view was attained all the same. The principal ex-

pedient which the ascetic priest resorted to, in order to make the chords of the human soul resound with every kind of lacerating and ecstatic music, was—as everybody knows—simply this that he took advantage of the *feeling of guilt* in man. The origin of this feeling was indicated in the preceding essay, as a bit of animal psychology, as no more. There we met with the feeling of guilt, as it were, as raw material. It was only in the hands of the priest, this real artist in feelings of guilt, that it took form—and Oh, what form! "Sin"—for this name is the priestly re-interpretation of the animal "bad conscience" (of cruelty turned inward)—was the greatest event so far in the history of the sick soul. It is the most dangerous and most fatal artist-feat of religious interpretation. Man, suffering from self, in some way or other, most likely physiologically; peradventure like some animal shut into a cage; confused as to the why, the wherefore; eager for reasons (reasons lighten burdens), eager also for medicines and narcoses; at last consults some one who "seeth also in secret"—and behold! he receives a hint; he receives from his magician, the ascetic priest, a *first* hint as to the cause of his suffering: he is to seek for it within *himself,* in a *guilt,* in a bit of his past; he is told to regard his suffering as a *state of punishment* . . . . He has heard, he has understood, the unhappy one. And now he walks off like the pullet about which a line has been drawn. He does

not find his way out of this circle of lines: the sick one has been transformed into "the sinner" .... And now the aspect of this new patient, "the sinner," cannot be got rid of for some few thousands of years. Will it ever be got rid of? Wherever we turn our eye, we are met by the hypnotic gaze of the sinner ever moving in one direction only (in the direction of "guilt," as being the *only* cause of suffering); by bad conscience, this horrible animal, in the words of Luther; by a rumination of the past, a mal-interpretation of the deed, the "evil eye" for all doing; by the *will* to misunderstand suffering, made the contents of life; by the re-interpretation of suffering into feelings of guilt, fear and punishment; by the scourge, the penitential garb, the starving body, contrition; by the self-racking of the sinner in the cruel machinery of a restless, sickly-voluptuous conscience; by the silent pain, the extremest fear, the agony of a tortured heart, the convulsions of an unknown happiness, the cry for "salvation." And truly, by means of this system of processes, former depression, heaviness and weariness were completely *conquered;* life once more became *very* interesting. Waking, for ever waking, over-watched, glowing, charred, pining and yet not tired—thus looked the man, the "sinner," who now had become initiated in *these* mysteries. The ascetic priest, this grand old magician, in the battle against uneasiness—he had most certainly conquered, *his* kingdom had come. Now men

no longer railed *against* pain, no, they *panted* for pain. "*More* pain! *more* pain!" thus for centuries cried the longing of his disciples and initiated ones. Every extravagance of feeling which begot pain, everything which prostrated, cast down, crushed, removed, transfigured, the secret of the torture chambers, the inventiveness of hell itself—all was now unravelled, found out, utilised; all was at the service of the magician; all served henceforth to the victory of his ideal, the ascetic ideal. "My kingdom is not of *this* world"—he kept saying now as ever. Had he really still the right to say so? . . . . Goethe maintained that there are but thirty-six tragic situations. We might tell from this, if we did not know it otherwise, that Goethe was *not* an ascetic priest. Such a one knows more . . . .

21

In reference to *this* entire kind of priestly medication, the "guilty" kind, every word of criticism is superfluous. That such an extravagance of feeling as the ascetic priest is wont to prescribe his patients in this case (calling it, of course, by the holiest names and being himself thoroughly convinced of the holiness of his purpose) did really *benefit* a sick one, who would like to maintain an assertion of this sort? At least, people should understand each other about the word "benefit." If it is intended to convey that such a system of treatment has *improved* man, I do not

contradict; but I add what I call "improved"—*viz.*, much the same as "tamed," "weakened," "dispirited," "refined," "effeminate," "unmanned" (which is almost equivalent to *injured* . . . .). But when it is principally the case of sick, ill-humoured, depressed persons, such a system, granting even that it did make the patient "better," at any rate made him *sicker*. Let people but consult a physician of a lunatic asylum, as to the result of every methodical application of penitential tortures, of contritions, fits of salvation and the like. History, also, may be consulted. Wherever the ascetic priest succeeded in enforcing this treatment of the sick, the diseasedness with most alarming rapidity spread in intensity and extent. And what was always the "result?" A shattered nervous system, in addition to what was sick already; and this holds true on the largest scale as on the smallest, for individuals as for masses. In the suite of penitential and salvational training we find enormous epileptic epidemics—the largest that history records—such as those of the "St. Vitus- and St. John-dancers" in the middle ages. We find (and this is another variety of its consequence) frightful paralyses and chronic depressions with which under given circumstances the temperament of a people or a city (Geneva, Bâle) for ever turns into its contrary. Here also belongs the witch-hysteria, something akin to somnambulism (there were eight great epidemic outbreaks of this disease merely

between 1564 and 1605). So also we find in the suite of this training those death-lusting deliria of whole masses whose awful cry *"evviva la morte"* was heard throughout the whole of Europe, interrupted now with voluptuous, now with destruction-craving idiosyncrasies. The same emotional change with the same intermittences and alterations is noticed even now wherever and whenever the ascetic dogma of sinfulness gains once more some great success. (Religious neurosis *appears* as a form of epilepsy; no doubt whatever. What it is? *Quæritur.*) On the whole, the ascetic ideal and its sublimely-moral cult (that most ingenious, most unscrupulous and most dangerous systematisation of all means for bringing about an extravagance of feeling under the protection of holy ends) have imprinted themselves in terrible and unforgettable manner on man's whole history; and, unfortunately, *not* on his history *only*. I know of scarcely anything which to the same extent as this idea has affected destructively the health and race-vitality especially of Europeans. It may, without any exaggeration, be called the *true fate* in the sanitary history of European man. At the most, the specifically Germanic influence might possibly be placed on a par with its influence. I mean the alcoholic poisoning of Europe, which has so far strictly kept pace with the political and racial predominance of the Germanics. (Wherever they inoculated their blood, they inoculated also their vice.) Third in the

series syphilis might be mentioned,—*magno sed proximo intervallo.*

22

The ascetic priest, wherever he attained to mastery, corrupted mental health; consequently, he corrupted also the *taste in artibus et literis;* he does so still. "Consequently?"—I hope, I am forthwith conceded this *"consequently;"* at least, I shall not do so much as prove it. Here but one hint: it refers to the fundamental book of Christian literature, its specific model, its "book in itself." While yet in the middle of Græco-Roman magnificence, which was also a book-magnificence; in the presence of an antique world of letters which had not yet been crippled and crushed; in a time when it was still possible to read some books for the possession of which now half literatures would be given in exchange—the folly and vanity of Christian agitators—they are called church fathers—dared to decree: *"We* too have our classical literature, *we need not that of the Greeks."* And so saying they pointed with pride to the books of ecclesiastical legends, apostolic letters and apologetical tractlets; somewhat in the manner that the English "Salvation Army" in our days wages war, by means of a kindred literature, against Shakespeare and other "heathens." I do not love the "New Testament," as my readers will have made out already. I am almost alarmed at

being so isolated in my taste, as regards this most highly estimated and over-estimated work of literature (the taste of two thousand years is *against* me): but what boots it! Here stand I, I can no other.—I have the courage for my bad taste. The *Old* Testament—how very different! My highest respect to the Old Testament! In it I find great men, an heroic landscape, and a touch of that rarest thing on earth, the incomparable *naïveté* of *strong heart*. Still more, I find a people. But in the New Testament nothing but petty sectarian affairs, nothing but rococo of the soul, everything adorned, cornered, whimsical, nothing but conventicle-air and (which is not to be forgotten, an occasional tinge of bucolic sweetishness which belongs to that epoch (*and* the Roman province) and which is not so much a Jewish as a Hellenistic trait. Humility and consequentialness side by side; a talkativeness of feelings, which is almost benumbing; passionateness, not passion; painful demeanour; obviously, in this case every education in manners has been wanting. How can one make so much fuss about one's petty faults, as these pious little people do! Nobody cares a straw for them; God least of all. Finally, they strive even for "the crown of life everlasting," —all these little people of the province. Wherefore? As reward for what? This is pushing immodesty to its utmost! An "immortal" Peter—who could stand *him!* They have an ambition which makes one laugh.

They ruminate their most personal affairs, their stupidities, sadnesses, and common-place cares, as if the In-itself of things were obliged to look after their affairs; *they* never grow tired of twisting God himself into the smallest trouble in which they happen to be. And this persistent intimacy of God, betraying the worst taste! This Jewish, and not merely Jewish, forwardness towards God, with mouth and clutch! . . . . There are small despised "heathen-peoples" in the East of Asia from which these first Christians might have learnt an important lesson,—some reverential *tact*. These peoples, as is witnessed by Christian missionaries, do not allow themselves even so much as to pronounce the name of their God. This seems to me rather delicate. Certain it is that not merely for "first" Christians it is too delicate.—In order to be aware of the contrast, let people call to mind Luther, that "most eloquent" and most immodest of all peasants whom Germany has ever had, the Lutheran manner of expression which just he appreciated best in his communings with God. Luther's opposition to the mediating Saints of the Church (especially to "the Pope, the devil's hog") was, no doubt whatever, at veriest bottom the opposition of a boor who felt disturbed at the *finished etiquette* of the Church—that etiquette of reverence peculiar to hieratic taste, which grants entrance into the sanctuary only to the more hallowed and more taciturn spirits, shutting out all boors. Boors must, once for all, be denied

the right to speak here—but Luther, the peasant, wished to change this at any price; as it was, he did not think it *German* enough. He wished above all to speak directly, to speak in person, to speak without ceremony, with his God . . . . Well, he did so.—The ascetic ideal (I think the reader has made out this) was never and nowhere a school for good taste, still less for good manners; it was, at best, a school for hieratic manners. The reason is, it contains in itself something mortally inimical to all good manners—lack of measure, aversion from measure; it is itself a "*ne plus ultra*."

23

The ascetic ideal has corrupted not only health and taste, but also a something third, fourth, fifth, sixth. I shall take good care *not* to state them all (I fear I should never come to an end!) Not the *effects* of this ideal it is in this place my purpose to set forth—but solely the *meaning* of it; what it points to; what lies behind it, under it, in it; that of which it is the expression, provisional, indistinct and overloaded with interrogation marks and misunderstandings. And with a view to *this* purpose, I was not allowed to spare my readers a glance upon the enormity of its effects, its fatal effects included; *viz.*, in order to prepare them for the final and most terrible aspect which the question as to the meaning of this ideal has for me. What

means the *power* of that ideal, the *enormity* of its power? How comes it that people have yielded to it to this extent? Why has it not been better resisted? The ascetic ideal expresses a will. Where is the antagonistic will expressing an *antagonistic ideal?* The ascetic ideal has a goal which is universal enough to let all other interests of man's existence, compared with it, appear petty and narrow. It inexorably interprets times, peoples, and men with a view to this one end. It recognises no other interpretation, no other goal; it rejects, benays, beyeas, confirms things exclusively to suit *its own* interpretation. And was there ever a more completely spun-out system of interpretation? It submits to no power, but rather believes in its prerogative over every power, in its unconditional *rank-distance,* as regards every power. It believes that there is on earth nothing of power which does not owe its meaning, its right to existence, its value to it; it considers everything to be a tool for *its* work, a way and means to *its* goal, to one goal . . . Where is the *counterpart* to this corporate system of will, goal and interpretation? Why is a counterpart *wanting?* . . . . Where is the *other* "one goal?" . . . . But I am told, it is *not* wanting; it has not only waged a long and successful war against that ideal, but even vanquished it in all essential points. All our modern *science* is said to testify to this fact—this modern science, which, being a specific philosophy of

reality, to all appearance believes in itself only, to all appearance has the courage and will to itself and has so far managed to get along perfectly well without a God, another world, and benaying virtues. But such noise, such agitator-gossip goes for nought with me. These trumpeters of reality are poor musicians. As is audible enough, their voices do *not* rise from the depth ; out of them does *not* speak the abyss of scientific conscience (for to-day scientific conscience is an abyss); the word "science" in such trumpeter-mouths being mere ribaldry, misuse and impudence. The very opposite from that which is maintained by them is true : science to-day has absolutely *no* faith in itself, not to speak of an ideal *above* itself—and where it is still passion, love, glow, *suffering,* there it is not the antithesis, but rather the *latest and noblest form of the ascetic ideal.* Does this sound strange to you? . . . There are, I admit, plenty of worthy and modest labourers even among the scientists of to-day, who like their little nook, and who, because *they* like it, at times give utterance a little immodestly to the demand that everybody *should* feel contented, especially in science, —where, as they say, so much useful work remains to be accomplished. I *do* not contradict ; and least of all should I like to make their handicraft unpleasant to these honest labourers ; for I rejoice in their labour. But to say that much work is accomplished at present in science, and that there are contented labourers, is as

yet far from proving that science, as a whole, has a goal, a will, an ideal, a passion of a great faith. The reverse, as I said, is true: where science is not the latest manifestation of the ascetic ideal,—(which is so in too rare, too noble, too choice cases to nullify the corporate judgment) science is a *subterfuge* for every kind of discontent, unbelief, mental gnaw-worm, *despectio sui,* bad conscience,—it is the *unrest* of ideallessness itself, the suffering from the *absence* of great love, the feeling of dissatisfaction arising from an *involuntary* contentedness. Oh, how much is to-day hidden by science! Oh, how much it is expected to hide! The capacity of our best scholars, their inconsiderate industry, their head reeking, fuming, day and night, their handicraft-mastery:—how often all this finds its ultimate sense in the fact that they wish to hide something from themselves! Science as a means of self-narcosis—*ye know of that?* They are occasionally wounded to the heart—as every one knows who comes into contact with scholars by some careless word; the wrath of one's learned friends will be brought down upon one in the very moment that one thinks to honour them; they are disconcerted merely by one being too "heavy" to see whom one has before one —*sufferers,* who do not like to confess to themselves what they are, men narcotised and senseless, who fear but one thing: *to recover consciousness* . . . .

24

And now behold, on the other hand, those rarer cases of which I spoke; the last idealists among modern philosophers and scholars: they are peradventure the wished-for *opponents,* the *counter-idealists* of the ascetic ideal? And in very deed, they *believe* themselves such, these "infidels" (for infidels they are, each and every one). And judging from the amount of earnestness evinced, from their passionateness as manifested in speech and gesture, it seems to be their last rest of belief that they are opponents of this ideal. But does it follow from this that what they believe is *true?* .... We "perceivers" eye, by this time, with mistrust every kind of believer; our mistrust has gradually taught us to reason reversely from what was reasoned in former times: *viz.,* wherever the power of some belief rises into prominence to conclude, as to a certain faintness of demonstrableness, as to an *improbability* of that which is believed. Nor do we deny that faith "saves." *For this very reason* we deny that faith *proves* anything. A strong faith that saves, renders suspect what it believes; it does not establish truth, but rather a certain probability of *illusion.* How does the case stand, then? Those who to-day benay and stand aside; these minds absolute in one thing, in their claim to intellectual cleanliness; these hard, stern, continent, heroic spirits which constitute the honour of our age;

all these pallid atheists, antichrists, immoralists, nihilists; these sceptics, ephectics, *hectics* of the spirit (for hectics they are, each and every one in some sense or other); these last idealists of perception in whom alone to-day the intellectual conscience stays and has become incarnate;—they do actually believe themselves emancipated as much as possible from the ascetic ideal,—these "free, *very* free spirits." And yet, let me tell them, what they themselves cannot see ("for they stand too near to themselves): even this ideal is also *their* ideal; they themselves represent it to-day, and possibly they alone; they themselves are its most spiritual offspring, its skirmishers and outposts, its most captious, tenderest, most incomprehensible form of seduction. If in any respect I can read riddles, I wish to do so in *this* sentence! These spirits are yet far from being *free* spirits. *For they still believe in truth* . . . . When the Christian crusaders in the orient lighted upon that invincible Order of Assassins, that order of free spirits *par excellence,* the lowest grades of which lived in such strict obedience as no order of monks ever attained, they received in some way or other among other things a hint as to that symbol and tally-word which was reserved for the highest grades only, as their *secretum:* "Nought is true, all is permitted" . . . . Good, *this* was *freedom* of spirit; *this* was *renouncing* faith to truth itself . . . . Has ever any European, any Christian free spirit, become involved in this sen-

tence and its labyrinthine *consequences?* Does he know *from experience* the Minotaur of this cave? . . . I doubt it; nay, I know it to be otherwise. Nothing is farther from these souls absolute in one thing, these *so-called* "free spirits," than freedom and emancipation in that sense; in no respect are they more firmly bound; in the belief in truth they are, more so than any other, firm and absolute. Perhaps I know all this from all too immediate experience. That venerable philosophers' continence to which such faith obliges; that Stoicism of intellect which finally forbids itself as strictly to pronounce a Nay as a Yea; that *will* to stand still before everything real,—the *factum brutum;* that fatalism of *"petits faits" (ce petit faitalisme,* as I call it), in which French science now tries to reach a kind of moral priority as compared with German science; that desisting from interpretation in general (which is violation, accomodation, shortening, omitting, stuffing, supplementing by fancy, forging and whatsoever belongs to the essence of interpreting)—all this implies, on the whole, an asceticism of virtue, no less so than any negation of sensuality. (It is at bottom only a *mode* of this negation). What, however *enforces* this asceticism—that absolute will to truth—, is the *faith in the ascetic ideal itself,* though appearing as the unconscious imperative of this ideal (let there be no illusion about this point); is the belief in a *metaphysical* value of truth, a value

in itself of truth, such as is guaranteed and chartered by this ideal only. (It stands and falls with it.) There is, strictly judging, no such thing as an "unconditioned" science; the very thought of such a thing is unthinkable, paralogical. A philosophy, a "creed," must always exist, in order that from it science may receive a direction, a meaning, a limit, a method, a *right* to existence. (He who holds the opposite view, who undertakes, for instance, to place philosophy "on a strictly scientific basis," requires to turn, not only philosophy but truth herself, upside down—the worst offence against decency which can exist, towards two matrons so venerable!) Indeed there is no doubt—and here my *Joyful Science* may do the speaking, (cf. book v, aph. 344): "He who is veritable in that daring and ultimate sense, as is presupposed by the belief in science, *in so believing be-yeas another world* than the world of life, nature and history; and in so far as he be-yeas this "other world"—what? must he not even thereby be-nay its counterpart, this world, *our* world? It is still a *metaphysical belief* which underlies our belief in science. We too, we knowing ones of to-day, we ungodly ones and anti-metaphysicians, we too still take *our* fire from that conflagration which has been kindled by a two-thousand-years-old faith; that Christian faith which was also the faith of Plato; the faith that God is the truth, that truth is *divine* . . . . How now, if even this belief should grow ever more

improbable; how, if nothing should prove divine, unless it be "error," blindness and falsehood; how, if God himself should prove to be our *longest lie?*— —Here we do well to pause and bethink ourselves a long while. Science itself now stands in *need* of vindication (which does not mean so much as that a vindication for it exists). Let people, as regards this question, look at the most ancient as well as the most recent philosophies. All of them lack the consciousness how far the will to truth itself stands in need of vindication. Here is a gap in every philosophy—how comes this? Because the ascetic ideal so far *lorded* it over all philosophy; because truth itself was posited as the being, as God, as highest instance; because truth was not permitted to be looked at as a problem. Is this "permitted" understood?—From the moment that the faith in the God of the ascetic ideal is denied *a new problem exists,* the problem of the *value* of truth. The will to truth stands in need of a criticism (let us herewith define our own task); the value of truth must, by way of experiment, be *put in question* . . . . (If some one should find this too short a statement, we advise him to read for information that section of *Joyful Science* which bears the title: "How far we also are still pious" aph. 344; better still, the entire fifth book of said work, as also the Preface to *Dawn of the Day).*

25

No! Keep away with science, when I ask for the natural antagonist of the ascetic ideal, when I ask: "Where is the antagonistic will which represents an *ideal antagonistic to it?* To be such a will, science is not by far independent enough; in every respect she needs some ideal of value, some power which creates values, in the service of which she *is allowed to believe* in herself. She herself never creates values. Her relation to the ascetic ideal is in itself as yet far from being antagonistic. She rather represents in the main the propulsive factor in the inner development of this ideal. Her opposition and fighting are, on closer examination, directed, not against the ideal itself, but only against the outer fortifications, the garb and masquerade, the occasional incrustation, petrifaction, dogmatisation of this ideal. Science and the ascetic ideal—science frees life in it by denying what is exoteric in it. For both—science and the ascetic ideal—root in one common soil, as I already intimated, namely, in the common over-estimation of truth (more exactly: in the common belief in the *un*criticisableness and *in*estimableness of truth). Even for this reason they are, *of necessity,* allies—so that, in case they are combated, they cannot be combated or put in question but together. An estimation of the value of the ascetic ideal will inevitably involve an estimation also

of the value of science: open your eyes betimes to this fact, ay, and prick your ears!—*Art,* as I may say in advance,—for I shall at some time revert to this subject at length—art, in which just *falsehood* is sanctified, the *will to illusion*, has good conscience on its part, is much more than science fundamentally opposed to the ascetic ideal. This is what the instinct of Plato prompted to him—Plato, this greatest enemy to art whom Europe has ever produced. Plato *against* Homer—this is the entire, true antagonism. On the one hand, the man of "another world" with entire will, the great slanderer of life; on the other, the involuntary deifier of life, the representative of *golden* nature. Hence the serving of an artist in the service of the ascetic ideal is the thoroughest of all artist-*corruptions* possible; unfortunately also one of the most frequent (for nothing is more corruptible than an artist). Also physiologically reconsidered, science and the ascetic ideal root in one common soil. A certain *impoverishment of life* is the condition for each. The emotions cooled down; the step retarded; instinct replaced by dialectics; *earnest* impressed on countenances and demeanours (earnest, this most unmistakable sign of an impeded metabolism, of a struggling and wrestling life). Witness the times in the life of a people, when the scholar rises into prominence! They are times of languor, of sunset, of decline,—the teeming fulness of power, the confidence in life, the confidence in a *future* being gone.

The predominance of the mandarin never means anything good; no more so than the rising of democracy, of peace-arbitraments in place of war, of the equality of woman with man, of the religion of sympathy and all the other symptoms of declining life. (Science taken as a problem: What is the meaning of science?—compare, for this topic, the Preface of the *Birth of Tragedy*.)—No! this "modern science"—open your eyes widely to this fact!—is at present the *best* ally of the ascetic ideal, and even for the reason that she is the most unconscious, the most involuntary, the most secret, the most subterranean! They have acted in concert so far,—the "poor in spirit" and the scientific adversaries of that ideal (let people guard themselves, by the bye, against supposing that these scientists are the counterpart of these poor ones, that they are the *rich* in spirit. This they are *not*; I have called them hectics of the spirit). These celebrated victories of the latter: no doubt, they are victories. But victories over what? The ascetic ideal was not at all conquered by them; on the contrary, it became even stronger, *i. e.*, more incomprehensible, more spiritual, more captious, by ever again a wall, a bulwark which had been reared about the ascetic ideal and had *roughened* its aspect, being ruthlessly removed and broken down by science. Is it actually thought that the defeat of theological astronomy implies a defeat of that ideal? Has here, peradventure, become less *requisite* to man some another-world-

solution of his riddle of existence because of the fact that since that time existence has looked still more fortuitous, still more commonplace, still more dispensable-with in the *visible* order of things? Is not just the self-diminution of man, is not his *will* to self-diminution ever since Copernicus making irresistible progress? Alas, the belief in his dignity, his uniqueness, his irreplaceability in the rank-sequence of beings is gone; he has become an *animal,* an animal without likeness, allowance, and reserve,—he, who in his former belief was almost a God ("Child of God," "God-man") .... It seems as though man, since Copernicus, had slid upon an inclined plane, —he ever more rapidly rolls away from the centre. Whither? Into the Nothing? into the "*piercing* feeling of his nothingness?" .... Good! This were just the straight road into the *old* ideal? .... *All* science (and not merely astronomy, on the humiliating and prostrating effects of which Kant has left a memorable confession: "She annihilates my significance" ....), all science, natural as well as *unnatural*—thus I call the self-criticism of perception—tries to talk man out of his former self-esteem, as though it had been no more than a bizarre self-conceit. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that this constitutes her proper pride, her own, grim form of Stoical ἀταραξία, to maintain this laboriously acquired self-*contempt* of man as his last and most earnest claim to self-*esteem* (and with good reason indeed, for he who despises is one

who has not yet "unlearnt to esteem" . . . .) Is this, then, a *counteraction* against the ascetic ideal? Is it actually still seriously believed, that (as theologians for a while imagined) Kant's victory over the theological dogmatism of concepts such as "God," "soul," "freedom," "immortality" did injure that ideal? (In asking which, we shall, in the meantime, have nothing to do with the question whether Kant ever intended any such thing. Certain it is that every variety of transcendentalist since Kant once more plays a winning game. They are emancipated from the theologians: what happiness! He has betrayed to them that by-way on which they may now (on their own behalf and with the best scientific grace) follow out the "inclinations of their hearts." And again: who would now dare to blame the agnostics,—reverers, as they are, of the Unknown and the Mysterious in itself, if they now will worship the *interrogation-mark itself* as God? (Xaver Doudan somewhere speaks of the *ravages* which were occasioned by *"l'habitude d'admirer l'inintelligible au lieu de rester tout simplement dans l'inconnu;* the ancients, he thinks, managed to get along without that). Supposing that all that man "perceives" will not satisfy his wishes but runs counter to them and fills him with awe, what a godlike expedient to be allowed to blame not "the wishing" but "the perceiving" itself! . . . . "There is no perception; *therefore* there is a God:" what a new *elegantia syllogismi!* what a *triumph* of the ascetic ideal!

26

Or did, peradventure, all modern historiography present a demeanour more certain of life, more certain of its ideals? Its noblest ambition now is to be *a mirror;* it disowns all teleology; it no longer undertakes to "prove" anything; it disdains to play the judge and finds therein its own good taste; it neither be-nays nor be-yeas; it only determines; it only describes... All this is ascetic in a high degree; but it is also in a still higher degree *nihilistic.* On this point let no-one deceive himself! We see a dreary, cold, but determined look—an eye, which *looketh outwards* like an isolated north-pole traveller (perhaps, in order not to be obliged to look inwards? or backwards?....) Here lies snow, here life is silent; the last crows, whose voice is heard, are called "Wherefore?" "In vain," "*Nada!*"—here no longer grows or thrives anything except peradventure St. Petersburg metapolitics or Tolstoian "sympathy." But again, as regards that other kind of historians, perchance a still "more modern" kind, a libidinous, lustful kind, which ogles with life no less than with the ascetic ideal; which uses the word "artist" as a glove, and to-day holds a monopoly, as it were, of praising contemplation—oh, what thirst these sweet souls full of *esprit* create even for ascetics and winter-scenes! No! to the devil with these contemplative people! Oh, how much I should

prefer to walk in the company of those historical nihilists through the dreariest, gray, cold mists!—indeed, suppose that I must choose, I shall not refrain from listening even to somebody altogether unhistorical, antihistorical (such as that Dühring by whose melodies a yet somewhat bashful, somewhat unconfessed species of "beautiful souls" is intoxicated, the *species anarchistica* among the educated proletariat). A hundred times worse are the "contemplative." I know of nothing more apt to beget nausea than such an "objective" easy-chair, such a dainty relisher in the presence of history, half priest, half satyr, *parfum* Renan, the shrill falsetto of whose applause sufficiently betrays *wherein* he is deficient, *where* in this case the *Parca* applied, alas! all too chirurgically, her cruel shears. This goes against my taste, also against my patience. In the presence of such spectacles, let him who is not the worse for it, preserve his patience.—I am exasperated by such a sight; I am provoked against the play by such spectators, nay, even more than by the play (history itself, ye understand?). All of a sudden Anacreontic humours come over me. That nature which gave to the bull his horn, to the lion his χάσμ' ὀδόντων, to what end has she given me my foot?* .... To kick, by Saint Anacreon, and not merely to run away;

* An allusion to the little song Εἰς γυναῖκας ascribed to Anacreon:
Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις
ὅπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις etc.

to kick over those worm-eaten easy-chairs, that cowardly contemplativeness, that libidinous Eunuchism towards history, that dalliance with ascetic ideals, that tartuffism of righteousness practised by impotence! My highest respect to the ascetic ideal, *in so far as it is honest!* so long as it believes in itself and cuts no capers for us! But I do not like the coquette bed-bugs whose ambition is insatiate in the desire—to smell of the infinite, till at last the infinite smells of bed-bugs; I do not like the whited sepulchres which mimic life; I do not like the weary and worn-out who wrap themselves in wisdom and view things "objectively;" I do not like the agitators dressed up as heroes and wearing a halo of idealism about the straw-wisp of their heads; I do not like the ambitious artists who would fain represent ascetics and priests, and who are at bottom tragic clowns only; I do not like them either—the latest speculators in idealism, the anti-Semites, who to-day distort their eyes in Christian-Aryan-goodman fashion, and who, by an abuse (such as will exhaust all patience) of the cheapest means of agitation, moral *attitude*, endeavour to work up all the block-head elements of the people. (The fact that *every* kind of spiritual humbug thrives well in Germany at present, is connected with the now-a-days undeniable and by this time palpable *desolation* of German spirit, the cause of which I seek in the all too exclusive nourishment by newspapers, politics,

beer and Wagnerian music, together with that which forms the prime condition for such diet: first, the national confinement and vanity, the strong, but narrow principle, *"Germany, Germany over everything,"* and secondly, the *paralysis agitans* of "modern ideas"). Europe to-day is, if in anything, rich and inventive in means of excitation; indeed, nothing seems to be so indispensable to it as stimulants and distilled waters. Hence, among other things, the enormous forgery in ideals, these best distilled waters of the spirit; hence, also, the nauseous, ill-smelling, false, pseudo-alcoholic air everywhere. I should like to know how many shiploads of spurious idealism, of heroic costumes and tinkle-tankling of gallant words; how many tons of sugared, spirituous sympathy (firm: *la religion de la souffrance);* how many stilts of "noble indignation" for the benefit of the spiritually flat-footed; how many *comedians* of the Christian-moral ideal would have to be exported from Europe to-day, so that its air once more might smell cleaner .... Obviously, this overproduction suggests the possibility of a new *trade;* obviously new "profits" can be made with small ideal-idols and corresponding "idealists"—let this broad hint not be overheard! Who has courage enough for such an undertaking? We hold in our *hands* the possibility to "idealise" the entire globe!.... But what say I of courage? Here but one thing is necessary—even this hand, an unembarrassed, very much unembarrassed hand ....

27

Enough! enough! Let us leave these curiosities and complexities of the most modern spirit, which are, in equal degree, calculated to excite laughter and vexation. Just *our* problem, the problem of the *meaning* of the ascetic ideal, can dispense with them. What has it to do with yesterday or to-day! These matters shall be handled by myself more thoroughly and more severely in another connection (under the head of "A contribution to the history of European Nihilism;" for which I refer to a work, which I am now preparing: THE WILL TO POWER. *An Essay Towards a Transvaluation of all Values).* The only point I wish to emphasise in this place is this: the ascetic ideal has, as in others also in the most spiritual sphere of thought, at present only one kind of real enemies and *injurers.* These are the comedians of this ideal; for they arouse mistrust. Wherever else the spirit is at work earnestly, powerfully and without counterfeiting, it lacks in any ideals whatsoever—the popular word for this abstinence is "Atheism"—*minus its will to truth.* But this will, this *remnant* of an ideal, is, if you will believe me, this ideal itself in its strictest, most spiritual formulation, altogether esoteric, freed from every attire. Thus it is, not so much the remnant, but the kernel of this ideal. The absolute candid atheism (and it is *its* air we breathe, we more spiritual men

of this age!) is, therefore, by no means opposed to the ascetic ideal, as it would seem. It is, on the contrary, but one of the latest phases of development of it; one of the final forms and logical results of it; it is the awe-inspiring *catastrophe* of a training for truth which lasted two thousand years, and at last forbids itself the *falsehood in the belief in God.* (The same trend of development has taken place in India, in perfect independence, and therefore proving the case; the same ideal forcing to the same conclusion; the decisive point being reached with Buddha, five centuries before the Christian era, or more exactly: already with the Sankhyam-philosophy, which Buddha popularised and transformed into a religion). *What*, to put the question in its strictest form, has *triumphed* over the Christian God? The answer will be found in my *Joyful Science* aph. 357): Christian morality itself, the ever more rigorously conceived notion of truthfulness, the father-confessor *finesse* of the Christian conscience, translated and sublimated into scientific conscience, into intellectual cleanliness at any price. To regard nature, as if she were a proof of the goodness and the fatherhood of a God; to interpret history in honour of some divine intelligence, as a perpetual testimony of a moral regulation of the world and of moral end-purposes; to interpret one's own experiences in the manner that pious people were for a long time wont to do, as if all were Providence, as if all were

a divine reminder, as if all had been devised and decreed for the benefit of the soul's salvation—this is now *past,* this has conscience *against* it, this is by every finer conscience considered to be indecent, dishonest, trickery, femininism, weakness, cowardice. With this rigour, if in any one respect, we are *good Europeans* and the heirs of Europe's longest and bravest self-vanquishment"..... All great things perish through themselves, through an act of self-effacement. Such is the law of life, the law of *necessary* "self-surmounting" in the essence of life. Always in the end the summons is addressed to the law-giver: *"Patere legem, quam ipse tulisti."* In this wise Christianity as a *dogma* perished from its own morality. In this wise, also, Christianity as a *moral code* must now perish. We stand at the threshold of *this* event. Christian truthfulness, after having drawn inference upon inference, will finally draw its *strongest inference,* the inference *against* itself. And this will happen when it will put the question: *"What does all will to truth mean?"* . . . . And herewith, my *unknown* friends (for as yet I *know* of no friend), I touch once more upon my problem, upon our problem: what sense would *our* entire existence have, if not this that in ourselves this will to truth has become conscious of itself *as a problem?* . . . . Of this becoming-conscious-of-itself of the will to truth—no doubt whatever—morality will die. That grand drama in a hundred

acts, which is reserved for the next two centuries of Europe—the most terrible, most questionable and perhaps also the most hopeful of all dramas . . . .

28

The ascetic ideal apart, man, *animal* man so far had no significance. His existence on earth implied no goal. "Wherefore should man be at all?"—this was a question without an answer. The will for man and earth was lacking. Every great human career was followed by the refrain of a still greater "in vain!" Precisely *this* is meant by the ascetic ideal: that something *was* lacking, that an immense *gap* yawned round man. He was unable to justify, explain, be-yea himself, he *suffered* from the problem of his significance. He suffered also in other respects; he was in the main a *sickly* animal. *Not* suffering itself, however, constituted his problem, but the lack of the answer to the cry of the question: "*Wherefore* suffer?" Man, the animal bravest and best accustomed to pain, does *not* be-nay suffering in itself: he *wills* to suffer; he even seeks for suffering, provided that he is shown a *significance*, a *therefore* of suffering. The senselessness of suffering, not suffering itself, was the curse which so far lay upon mankind. *And the ascetic ideal offered to mankind a significance.* It was so far the only significance; any significance is better than no significance at all. The ascetic ideal was in every

respect the *faute de mieux par excellence* which so far existed. In it suffering was *interpreted;* the immense void seemed to be filled out; the door closed to all suicidal nihilism. The interpretation—no doubt whatever—brought with it new suffering, deeper, more internal, more poisonous, more life-undermining suffering; it brought all suffering into the perspective of *guilt* . . . . But, nevertheless, man was *saved* thereby; he had a *significance;* he was henceforth no longer like a leaf in the wind; sport of nonsense, of "no-sense;" he could now will something; no matter for the present whither or wherefore or wherewith he willed: *will itself was saved.* One cannot possibly hide from one's self *what* is ultimately expressed by all that willing, which has received its direction from the ascetic ideal. This hatred of what is human; still more, of what is animal; still more, of what is material; this horror of the senses, of reason itself; this fear of happiness and beauty; this longing away from all appearance, change, becoming, death, desire, longing itself—all this implies (let us dare to comprehend it!) a *will to the Nothing,* a horror of life, an insurrection against the most fundamental presuppositions of life; nevertheless, it is and remains a *will!* . . . . And to say once more at the end what I have said at the outset: rather would man will *the Nothing,* than *not* will . . . .

POEMS

(Translated by John Gray)

POEMS 1871—1877

I

TO MELANCHOLY

Set it not down to malice or to folly
That I, to do thee honour, prime my pen,
Head bowed upon my knees, O Melancholy!
Sit on a stump apart from other men.
Thus even yesterday thou saw'st me dally,
In morning air the hot sun beamed athwart:
The greedy vulture screams along the valley,
Dreams of dead carrion in a dead resort.

Foul bird, thou wast mistaken in my seeming
So mummy-like upon my settle! Lo,
Thou didst not mark the eye, for rapture beaming,
Proud and high-spirited roll to and fro.
If it climb not to heights of thy attaining,
Dead though it be to yon far waves of cloud,
Deeper it pierces, Being's self explaining,
Lighting the depths and rending every shroud.

In the deep wilderness I often cowered,
Ugly, like savages who sacrifice,
Thy votary, and with thy graces dowered,
O Melancholy! having paid the price!

So I delight me with the vulture's passage,
The thundering of the reeling avalanche,
Incapable of guile, to me thy message
Was all sincere; thy visage dread and staunch.

Thou, bitter Goddess of the wild rock-places,
To show thyself anear to me dost joy,
Threatening thou showest me the vulture's traces,
The avalanche's yearning to destroy.
The lust of murder which may not be baffled!
The fangs are ever sharpened far and nigh!
The sweet enchantress of the steep rock scaffold,
The flow'ret longs towards the butterfly.

I am all these—I sympathise, abhorrent—
The enchanted butterfly, the lonely flower,
The vulture and the sudden glacier torrent,
Trump of the storm—All is thy pomp and power,
Thou dreadful Goddess to whose praise I falter,
Low bending, head to knee, my fluttering song,
Only to thy renown,—I dare not palter—
For life, for life, for life I long!

Treacherous Godhood, mete me not derision
Who crown thee round with rhymes in pretty bands.
He shudders who comes near thee, Terror-vision,
He quakes to whom thou stretchest wicked hands.

Song upon song my stammering, halt tongue stutters,
Shudders in shapes the rhythmic forms afford:
The ink flows over and the pen-point splutters—
Now Goddess, Goddess let me—let me lord!

2

AFTER A NIGHT-STORM

Round my window did'st thou hang in veils,
Wreathen mist, sad Goddess! through the day.
Gruesomely the world of pale wisps trails,
Gruesomely the swoll'n brook rolls away.

Ah! thou hast of sudden lightning-gleam,
Of the thunder's brawling, savage stress,
Of dank poison of the valley's steam,
Brewed the drink of death, thou Sorceress!

Shuddering heard I through the mid midnight
Wailing of thy voice of weal and pain;
Saw the blinking eye; thy awful right
Brandishing the thunder-bolt amain.

Cam'st my vacant pillow to disturb,
Fully mailed and weapon-glistering,
Struck'st my window with a metal curb,
Spak'st: "What am I? Thou shalt hear the thing!

"Am the eternal, mighty Amazon,
Never womanly, dove-like, forlorn,
Conqueress and tigress knit in one,
Woman-warrior with man's hate and scorn!

"Treading death tread I whereso I tread,
Whirring torches from my grim eyes hail,
Poison is my thought—now kneel! Entreat,
Worm, or crumble! Will-o-wisp, or fail!"

3

THE WANDERER

There goes a wanderer through the night
With lusty gait;
The crooked valley and the height
Upon him wait.
Blithe is the night—
He stands not still, he strides abroad,
He seeketh out his unknown road.

There sings a bird thorough the night;
"Ah, bird, thou hast me in despite!
Why dost thou hold my thought, my feet,
Pourest heart's languishing so sweet
Into my ear, so that I need
Listen and heed—
Why dost thou *tempt* me, dost thou greet?"

The gentle bird was dumb and said:
"Nay, wanderer, nay! Be comforted;
My voice is rife
To tempt anear a little wife—
What is't to thee?
Alone is night not fair to me.
What is't to thee? So were it best
Thou go, and never, never rest!
Why stay'st thou yet?
How should my mellow music stir
Thee, wanderer?"

The gentle bird was dumb and thought:
How should my flute-song tell him aught?
He does not stir—
The piteous, piteous wanderer!

4

TO THE GLACIER

At height of day, when first
The Summer clambers to the mount,
The stripling with the weary, burning eyes;
He speaketh too,
Yet may we only *see* his speech.
And his breath floweth as floweth a sick man's breath
Of a fever night.

The glacier and the pine and fountain give
Him answer back,
Yet is the answer only *seen.*
Then swifter springeth from the rock
The torrent, as to greet;
And stands, in white and quivering stems,
For yearning still.
And darker yet and truer peeps the pine-tree,
As at all times;
Betwixt the ice and the dead granite stone
Breaks sudden lightning forth—
Such lightning saw I once: significant.

Even a dead man's eye
May yet Once More be light,
If his afflicted child
Embraceth, kisseth him:
Yet Once More may flow back again
The spark of light, and glowing speak
The dead man's eye: "My child!
Ah child, thou know'st how I love thee!"—

And, glowing, all things here hold speech—the pine.
Glacier and brook—
In glances here the self-same words:
"We dote on thee!
Ah child, thou know'st, thou know'st, we dote on thee!"

And he,
The stripling with the weary, burning eyes,

Kisses them, sorrowful,
Passionately,
And would not go;
Only, like veils he blows his word
From out his mouth,
His cruel word:
"My greeting is departing,
My coming is return,
And I die young."

Then all is hushed,
Doth fear to breathe;
No bird doth sing.
Then shuddering
A shimmering
Runs over all the rock.
Then all in thought
Is dumb.

'Twas height of day;
At height of day, when first
The Summer clambers to the mount,
The stripling with the weary, burning eyes.

5

AUTUMN

This is the Autumn: which—doth break thy heart!
Fly out! fly out!

The sun a-mountain creeps,
And climbs and climbs,
And rests at every step.

How doth the world wax worn!
On slackly tensioned strings the wind
Plays out his song.
The hope is fled
To which he wails.

This is the Autumn: which—doth break thy heart!
Fly out! fly out!
Fruit of the tree,
Thou falterest, fall'st?
Reveal, what secret hath the night
Taught thee,
That icy pallor should adorn,
Adorn thy purple cheek?

Thou'rt dumb, thou answerest not?
Who speaketh yet?

This is the Autumn: which—doth break thy heart!
Fly out! fly out!
"I am not fair,"
—So speaks the flower-star—
"Yet men I love
And men console—
Now shalt thou look on flowers indeed,

And bend above me,
Ah! and break me—
In their eye doth sparkle then
A memory,
Memory of a fairer thing than I:
—I see, I see—and thus I die!"

This is the Autumn: which—doth break thy heart!
Fly out! fly out!

MAXIMS 1882—1885

6

SONGS AND EPIGRAMS

Start in time, and rhyme precisely,
And for soul set melody:
Such divine performance we
Call a song. Or more concisely,
Song is: "Words for melody."

Epigram—new lands belong
To it: it can mock, joy, tumble,
Epigram can only mumble,
Epigram is: "Sense sans song."

If I bring both, will you grumble?

7

WARNING: POISON

Who cannot laugh finds nothing here to please him!
Then let him laugh, or let the Old One seize him!

8

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Here the holiest book of prayers,
Weal and sorrow, see?
At its portal stands and stares
God's adultery!

9

AT SIGHT OF A DRESSING-GOWN

When, in spite of gown in tatters,
German comes to study matters,
Woe, how that will alter it!
Stoutly clad and buttoned tightly,
To his tailor leaves he lightly,
To his—Bismarck, all the wit!

10

A ROMAN SIGH

"Deutsch" will the Germans have it, "teutsch" debarred;
Then "Babst" for "Pope"?—No, there they still are hard.*

* The form *teutsch* which lacks any historical justification and has, probably, arisen by confusing the word *thiudisk* (deutsch), which means popular, with the name of the Teutons, has been used by extreme nationalists since the middle of last century, and has therefore something of jingoism about it. "Babst" is the older Middle German spelling for *Papst*, Pope, the latter form (with the hard p) now alone surviving.

11

THE "REAL GERMAN"

O peuple des meilleurs Tartuffes,
True to thee, sure, my heart is!
—Swore, and by the swiftest ship
Steamed to far Cosmopolis.

12

Every hunchback's hump grows steeper,
Christians money-lenders scatter,
Daily grow the Frenchmen deeper,
And the Germans daily—flatter!

13

TO SPINOZA

Loving, unto the "One in All" turned round,
Amore Dei, blessing doth redound
From intellect—Shoes off! thrice holy ground!
—Yet underneath this love there gnawed,
A secret brand of vengeance glowed,
Jewish hate gnawed the Jewish God . . .
Ah hermit, have I found thee out?

14

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

What he taught returned again,
What he lived will ever remain:
Only look upon
One who was subject unto none!

15

TO RICHARD WAGNER

Thou, unto whom all bonds are qualm,
Unrestful spirit, bound and tied,
Laden with triumph, fetter-anguished,
Flayed, and more sick and sick hast languished,
Hast only poison drunk from every balm;
Till, woe! to the cross thou also sankest, calm,
Thou also, also thou art vanquished!

Before this spectacle I stare,
Breathing confinement; wrath and grief and gloom,
Between the incense-clouds, the church perfume,
Strange to me, full of dread and fear.
Tossing my fool's-cap gaily, I went dancing home
Through the bright air!

16

TO THE DISCIPLES OF DARWIN

You accept the mediocre
Reason of this English joker,
For "philosophy?" And thus
Set him next to Goethe! Lese
Majesty such purpose is—
Majesty of genius!

17

THE HERMIT SPEAKS

To *father* thoughts? Good! then will I your master be.
To *make* thoughts for one's self—I unlearn willingly!
Such thoughts command,—their maker may not swerve.
And I—will now and never serve.

18

Whose word will one day rise and crash
Within him much doth shroud.
And who will be the lightning flash
Must long—remain a cloud.

19

RULES OF LIFE

Wilt thou thy life should grace thee
Above it shalt thou throne!
Learn therefore to upraise thee!
And therefore learn—look down!

Let not the sweetest virtue be
From sweetening exempt;
To every pound of charity, see
Thou add a grain of self-contempt!

20

The loveliest body—but a veil
In which, ashamed,—a lovelier hides.

21

RIDDLE

Rede me the riddle the word conceals:
Woman *invents* what man *reveals*.

22

The world stands not still;
To night bright day is dear;
Though it likes well "I will,"
"I like" *delights* the ear.

23

FIND YOUR COMPANY

With wits wit well may trickle;
The tickler is not hard to tickle.

24

'Twas here gold rolled, 'twas here I played with gold;
In truth gold played with me, 'twas I that rolled!

25

FROM DIOGENES HIS TUB:

Need 's cheap, you don't find bliss i' th' lump:
Instead of gold I sit upon my rump.

26

TIMON SAYS:

Be not too liberal; it doth belong
To dogs alone to . . . . the whole day long.

27

FOR FALSE FRIENDS

Thou hast stolen, and thine eye's unclean—
Only one thought thou stolest—one!
Who ever hath so modest been?
Here, take this handful, and be gone—
Take *all* my mine—
And guzzle thyself clean, thou swine!

28

THE WORD

The living Word I do respect:
It springeth forth so gaily decked,
Greeteth with nod so blithe and free,
Sweet even in adversity,
Hath blood inside it, snorteth clear,
Creepeth in e'er so deaf an ear,
And hangeth limp and curleth tight,
Do what it may—it doth delight.
Yet is the Word a tender creature,
Of delicate and changing feature.
If thou wilt spare the little bubble,
Hold it with care and caution double,

Nor roughly crush nor coarsely moil it,
A wicked look may serve to spoil it—
So shapeless then the Word behold,
Without a soul, so poor and cold,
Its morsel of a corpse all changed,
By death and dying disarranged.

A dead Word is a hateful thing,
The driest, leanest Kling-kling-kling.
Out on the hateful traffic—Fy!—
By which the Word and Wordling die!

29

When next thy *thought,*
Friend Yorick, comes to spoil thy peace,
As now, for naught,
Call it not: "God!" A poor pretence,
'T is not the less thy very *child,*
Thy flesh and blood,
So vexes thee and spoils thy peace,
Thy little scamp and good-for-naught!
—Look to't thou spare him not the *rod!*

And brief, my friend, try something crisper
Than dark philosophy—allow
Me name a simple medicine,
A house-receipt i'th' lug o' thee whisper
—*My* remedy against the whim:—
"Who loveth his "God" doth chasten him."

30

DECISION

I will be wise, my own to nurse,
And not another's mood.
Praise God who made the universe
As stupid as he could.

And if, as crooked as I can,
I take my selfish trend—
'T was ever thus the wise began,
And thus fools ever end.

31

All eternal founts of meaning
Are, and have ever been.
God's self—had he aye beginning?
God's self—doth he e'er begin?

32

CONCLUDING STANZA

Laughter is an earnest art:
Must I needs with better zest
Laugh to-morrow, I must know:
Came the sparkle from the heart?
Little serves the head to jest,
If the heart denies the glow.

POEMS 1882—1885

33

Dance of the thoughts, behold
One of the Graces leads!
How thou rejoicest the spirit of me!—
Woe! What behold I? Fall
Mask and the veil of the leader,
Foremost in the dance
Hurrieth pallid Necessity.

34

THE HONEY-OFFERING

Bring honey, ice-cool honey of the comb!
With honey will I sacrifice to all
That gives, that grants, is good. Lift up your hearts!

35

ZEAL AND GENIUS

I envy the zealous man his zeal:
Gold-bright and even flows his even day,
Gold-bright and even back
Down into the dark sea . . .
And round his couch there blooms
Oblivion, loosening of the limbs.

36

TO THE IDEAL

Whom have I loved like thee, beloved shadow!
I drew thee to me, into me, and since
I have come nigh to shadow, thou to body.
Save that mine eye is all untractable,
Used to behold those things outside its being:
To it thou art ever still the "Out-of-me."
Ah, how that eye bears me beside myself!

37

TO FRIENDSHIP

Hail thou, Friendship!
Earliest red of morning
Of my highest longing!
Endless often
Seemed the path, the night, to me;
And all life
Hateful, without aim!
Now will I live doubly,
That in thine eyes I have beheld
Victory and dawn
Thou dearest Goddess!

38

"Pia, caritatevole, amorosissima."

(In the *Campo Santo.*)

O maidenkind, that tendest
The lambkin's tender need,
From either eye thou sendest
True light, and flame indeed;
Thou thing of mirth and wildness,
Thou joyous darling, ah!
So pious, heart of mildness,
Amorosissima!

What snapped so soon the tether?
Who made thy heart to smart?
Thou lovest—'tis not whether
He gave thee *all* his heart?
Thou'rt dumb—yet tears are thronging
To thy mild eyelids, ah!—
Wert dumb—didst die of longing,
Amorosissima!

39

THE LITTLE BRIG CALLED "ANGELINE"

Angeline—they call me so—
Now a ship, one time a maid,
Ah, and evermore a maid!
Love the steersman to and fro
Turns the wheel so finely made.

Angeline—they call me so—
Dizened with a hundred flags,
And the little captain brags
Beautiful upon my prow,
Thinks himself the flag of flags.

Angeline—they call me so—
Out and far, a little flame
Glows for me, I skip a lamb
On my way ecstatic, oh:
I was ever like a lamb.

Angeline—they call me so—
Think you, like a little hound
I can bark, and from my sound
Mouth such fire and pother blow?
Am not *all* angelic found!

Angeline—they call me so—
Spake a wicked little word
Once, which my beloved heard,
And was stricken and laid low:
Ay, he died of that same word!

Angeline—they call me so—
Scarcely heard but leaped from cliff,
Broke a rib, small wonder if
Little soul made haste to go:
Ay, for falling off a cliff!

Angeline—they call me so—
Soul, as 'twere a little cat,
Once, twice, thrice, went pit-a-pat,
Tenanted this shipkin so—
Ay, it hastened to do that.

Angeline—they call me so—
Now a ship, one time a maid,
Ah, and evermore a maid!
Love the steersman to and fro
Turns the wheel so finely made.

40

MAIDEN SONG

Maiden, I, whom thou beholdest,
Yesterday was young and wise;
Now am like the grimmest, oldest
Gaffer—Not to the hair precise!

Yesterday a thought came to me—
Thought? A mockery and shame!
Did you ever have a gloomy
Thought? A little feeling came!

Women dare to think but rarely;
Doth not ancient wisdom rede:
"Let her follow, fair and squarely;
If she think, she wants to lead."

Credit what she says? I? Never!
Like a flea it skips and stings!
"Woman never think; however,
If they do, they're worthless things!"

This is old and far-fetched wisdom,
Beautiful and perfect presence!
Hear my own, my newest wisdom,
All the wisdoms held in essence!

Yesterday (I speak in duty)
Spake to me a speech that ran:
"Woman is a thing of beauty,
Thing of interest is—Man!"

41

DESPERATE

Fearful seem indeed to me
All these spitting fellows!
Run? where I can? how be free?
Plunge into the billows?

See, the lips are ready cocked,
Throat is jerked to clear it,
Soon the floor is thickly pocked—
Curse the Spittle-spirit!

Rather place me on the eaves
With the dunghill scratchers;
Rather make me free of thieves,
Perjurers and lechers!

Curse on culture, if it spit!
Curse the chaste and little!
Purest sanctity—why it
Hasn't golden spittle.

42

HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN

Since this book has grown up, sore shame and longing afflict me,
Till later blow for thee richer and lovelier blooms.
Now I taste of the sweet: I follow after the greater,
While he enjoyeth the gold fruit of his harvest himself.

43

THE WANDERER AND HIS SHADOW

Never advance, nor more go back?
Even for a chamois not a track?
So here I bide and stoutly clasp
What eye and hand have left to grasp!
Five foot of earth, and dawn; beneath
My feet—the world, mankind and death!

44

JOYFUL SCIENCE

This is no book; what profit books?
Graveclothes and crypts and coffin-nooks?
The past is books' accustomed prey:
Herein there lives eternal *day!*

45

JOYFUL SCIENCE

This is no book: what profit books?
Grave-clothes and crypts and coffin-nooks?
This is a will, this is an undertaking,
This is an ultimate bridge-breaking,
This is a sea-wind, an anchor-lifting,
A puddle foaming, a rudder-shifting;
Bellow cannons, white heat for the onstir.
The sea is laughing too, the monster!

46

THE NEW COLUMBUS

Woman—said Columbus—never
Trust a Genoese again!
Staring in the blue for ever—
Ever for the farthest fain!

Strangest now to me is dearest!
Genoa . . . sank, is now of yore.—
Heart, be cold! Firm hand, thou steerest!
Sea beyond—but shore?—but shore?—

Stand we fast and face existence!
There is no return from this!
See: awaiting in the distance
Us One death, One fame, One bliss!

47

LEFT ALONE

Scream of the crow,
And creaking flight towards the town:
Soon will it snow—
Well who hath shelter to lie down!

Numb stand'st thou now,
Look'st back, ah! long the road hath been!
Fool, why hast thou
Fled out as winter doth begin?

Taken the gate
To a thousand deserts, mute and hoar?
Who loses that
Which thou hast lost halts never more.

Now stand'st thou pale,
Condemned to winter-wandering,
As smoke doth trail
And aye to colder heavens swing.

Fly, fowl; croak wide
Thy song, in fowl-o'-the-desert-wise!—
Go, fool, and hide
Thy bleeding heart in scorn and ice!

Scream of the crow,
And creaking flight towards the town:
Soon will it snow—
Woe who lacks shelter to lie down!

48

ANSWER

Have pity, God!
He means, I turn me to my warm
German abode,
Close German shelter from the storm!

My friend, if't be
Which hems and holds me, just *thy* Reason?
Pity for *thee*!
Pity for German Perfect-Reason!

49

VENICE

On the bridge I stood
Lately, in gloomy night.
Came a distant song:
In golden drops it rolled
Over the glittering rim away.
Music, gondolas, lights—
Drunk, swam far forth in the gloom . . .

A stringed instrument, my soul,
Sang, imperceptibly moved,
A gondola song by stealth,
Gleaming for gaudy blessedness.
—Listened any thereto? . . . .

50

Said a dame to me in the morning ray,
All in her shyness shrunk:
"Sobriety makes thy heart so gay,
How gay must it be wert thou drunk?"

51

TO HAFIZ

(Drinking-saw: the inquiry of a water-drinker)

The tavern, Hafiz, thou hast built,
Is far too big, too wide;
Swill all the world, can ne'er be swilled
The drinks thou brew'st inside.
The fowl called phœnix once (that rare)
Dwells evermore with thee;
The mouse who heaved and strangely bare
A mount—thou'rt almost she!
Art all and nothing, wine and inn,
Art phœnix, mount and mouse;
Thyself upon thyself pours in,
For ever it ebbs and flows.
Depth of all summits, art thou not?
All depth dost seem to be,
Art drunkenness for every sot,
Then wherefore wine for—thee?

52

TREE IN AUTUMN

What am I, lumpish dunces, to be shaken,
Who, blind and happy, stood alone:
With such a gruesome terror was I taken;
My dream, my golden dream, is gone!

Rhinoceroses with trunks of elephants,
Knock not, as courtesy dictates;
For fear, I threw enough for all your wants
Of gold-ripe fruits—upon your pates.

53

THE TREE SPEAKS:

Too lonely have I grown, too high—
I wait: and yet for what wait I?
Of the clouds, too near, I bear the yoke;
I wait upon the lightning-stroke.

54

AMONG ENEMIES

(From a Gipsy proverb)

There the gallows, rope and hooks;
And the hangman's beard is red;
People round and poisoned looks—
Nothing new and nothing dread!

Know it well, from fifty sources,
Laughing in your face I cry:
Would ye hang me? Save your forces?
Why kill me who cannot die!

Beggars ye! who hate the tougher
Man who holds the envied lot;
True I suffer, true I suffer—
As to you—ye rot, ye rot!
I am breath, dew, all resources,
After fifty hangings; why!
Would ye hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die!

DIONYSOS-DITHYRAMBS 1888

55

OF THE POORNESS OF THE RICHEST

Ten years out there—
No moisture hath reached me,
No wet i' th' wind, no dew of love,
—A rainless, rainless land . . .
Entreat I now of my Wisdom,
Be not avaricious amid this dryness:
Of itself flow over, of itself drip dew,
Itself be rain upon the tawny desert!

One time I commanded
The clouds to leave my mountain,—
Once spake I: "More light, ye dark ones!"
Now entice them again to come near me:
Make darkness about me of your udders!—
And I will milk you,
Ye cows of the summit!
Milkwarm my Wisdom, sweetest dew of love,
Squander I over the land.

Out, out, ye Verities,
Ye of sombre look!
I will not have on my mountain
Bitter and impatient Verities seen.

Made golden with laughter
Truth to-day cometh to me.
Made sweet by the sun and by love made brown,—
One *ripest* fruit will I break from the tree alone.

To-day I stretch out my hand
Towards the locks of Chance,
Clever enough, Chance
Like a child to lead, to outwit.
To-day will I be hospitable
Towards the unwelcome,
Even to Fate itself will I not be bristly.—
Zarathustra is no hedgehog.

Soul of me
All unsated her restless tongue is,
Hath already licked at all good things and bad
Hath plunged herself into all depths.
But ever like a cork
Ever floats again to the top;
She tumbles like oil upon tawny billows:
For the sake of her they call me the Happy One.

Who are my father and mother?
Is not my father Prince Prodigal,
My mother a furtive titter?
Doth not the bond of such a pair denote
Me riddle-beast,
Monster of light,
Spendthrift of all the wisdom, Zarathustra?

Sick to-day for tenderness,
A dew-wind,
Sits Zarathustra waiting, waiting upon his mountain,—
In his own sap
Saturated and grown sweet,
Underneath his summit,
Underneath his ice,
Weary and happy,
Creator he upon his seventh day.

Hush!
A Truth is creeping over me
Like a swollen cloud,—
Met me with lightnings invisible.
With mighty, leisurely paces
Strode her bliss to me:
Come, come, beloved Truth!

Hush!
It is *my* Truth!—
From faltering eyes,
From velvety tremors,
Her glance met mine,
Lovely, false, a maiden-glance . . .
She hath guessed the *source* of my bliss,
She hath guessed *me*—ah! what doth she think?—
Purple lurketh a dragon
In the abyss of her maiden-glance.

—Hush, for she *speaks,* my Truth!—

Woe to thee, Zarathustra!
Thou seemest like one
That hath swallowed gold;
Then is there need to rip up thy belly! . . .

Too rich thou art,
Thou spoiler of many!
Too many mak'st thou envious,
Too many mak'st thou poor . . .
To me myself thy light flings shade,—
I shiver for it; out, thou wealthy,
Out Zarathustra, out of thy sunlight! . .

Would'st like to dower, to give thy superfluous good,
But thyself art the most superfluous!
Be spry, thou wealthy!
Distribute first thyself, O Zarathustra!

Ten years out there—
And no moisture hath reached thee?
No wet i' th' wind, no dew of love?
But rather tell me who *should* love thee,
Thou overwealthy?
Thy bliss throws thirst round thee,
And dearth of love,
A rainless, rainless land . . .

No one thanks thee more;
Thy thanks are to any
That takes of thee;

Therein I recognise thee,
Thou overwealthy,
Thou *poorest* of the wealthy!

Offerest thyself, thy wealth *torments* thee,—
Giv'st thyself up,
Spar'st not thyself, lov'st not thyself;
The torment doth wring thee all the time,
Torment of *bursting* garners, of a *bursting* heart—
And no one thanks thee more . . .

Thou must grow *poorer*
Thou wise unwise!
Would'st thou be loved.
One loves only sufferers,
One only gives love to the hungry:
Distribute first thyself, O Zarathustra!

—I am thy Truth . . .

Here, who will go down,
How swift
The deeps ingulf him!
—Whilst thou, Zarathustra,
Still lovest the abyss,
Lov'st it like the Pine-tree?—

Which strikes its roots, where
The rock's self shuddering
Peeps to the deep,—
Which wavers on abysses
Where everything
Must soon descend;
In midst impetuous,
Frantic rolling torrents,
Patiently bearing, hard, silent,
Alone . . .

Alone!
Who dareth then,
Be here a guest,
Thy guest to be? . . .

A bird of prey perhaps;
That well may hang
To the steadfast endurer,
Malicious to its hair,
With peals of wild laughter,
With bird-of-prey laughter . . .

Wherefore so steadfast?
—Gruesome he mocketh:
He needeth have pinions who loveth the abyss . . .
One must not hang suspended,
Like thee, thou hanged one!—

O Zarathustra,
Gruesomest Nimrod!
Late hunter of God,
The snare of all the virtues,
Bolt of the wicked!—
Now— —
Of thyself pursued,
Of thyself art the booty,
Thyself by thyself pierced through . . .

Now—
Lonely with self,
Twofold in thine own knowledge,
Among a hundred mirrors
In thyself seen false,
Among a hundred memories
Uncertain,

And tired at every wound,
And cold at every frost,
Strangled in thine own toils,
Self-knower!
Self-hangman!

Why bind'st thou thyself
With the toils of thy wisdom?
Enticest thyself
To the garden of the ancient serpent?
Why slink'st thou into
Thy *self*—thy *self?* . . .

A sick man now
Who art sick with snake poison,
A prisoner now
Who hast drawn the hardest lot:
In thine own mine,
Bent double, toiling,
Hollowed out within thyself,
Digging into thyself,
And clumsily,
Stiff,
A corpse—,
By hundred burdens overpowered,
Overloaded by thyself,
A *knowing one*
A *self-revealed!* . . .
The *doctor* Zarathustra! . . .

Thou soughtest the heaviest load;
Hast found *thyself,*
Hast not laid thyself aside . . .

Lowering,
Cowering,
One who already stands no more erect!
Thou and thy grave alike grow mine,
Thou spirit *ill-grown!* . . .

And lately so proud,
On all the stilts of pride like thine!
Lately the hermit without a God,
The lone hermit with the Devil,
The scarlet Prince of all audacity! . . .

Now— —
Between two nothings
Huddled up,
Interrogation,
A weary riddle,
A riddle for *birds-of-prey*—
—Thee will they soon unriddle,
They hunger now for thy undoing,
They flutter round thee now, their riddle,
Round thee, thou Hanged One! . . .
O Zarathustra!
Self-knower! . . .
Self-hangman! . . .

57

THE SUN SINKS

I

No long while thirstest thou now,
  Consuming heart!
A promise is in the air,
From unaccustomed lips it blows to me;—
  The great refreshing comes . . .

Hot my sun stood above me at hottest midday:
Greeting to you, that ye come,
  Ye hurrying breezes,
Cool spirits of the afternoon!

The air flows strange and clean.
Squints not with slanting
  Seductive eye
The night to me? . . .
Stand strong, my dauntless heart!
Ask not: wherefore?— —

2

Day of my life!
The sun doth sink.
Now lies the polished
  Flood all gilded.
Warm breatheth the rock.
Did Happiness sleep
On his breast, perchance, his midday sleep?—
  In shimmering green
Sports Happiness along the brown abyss.

Day of my life!
To eve it goes!
Thine eye already
  Gleams half smothered,
Now streams from thy dew
  Gushing of tears,
Runs silent over silver seas
Purple of thy love,
Thy ultimate, hesitating blessedness . . .

3

Joyfulness, goldenness, come!
  Thou most secret,
Thou the most sweet foretaste of death!—
Ran I too swiftly my road?
Now first, when the foot became tired,
Thy glance doth come to fetch me,
  Thy *happiness* to fetch me.

All round only waves, mirth.
What aye was sore
Sank in a blue forgetfulness,—
Idle my boat lies now.
Storm and Course—how it unlearnt that!
Hope and longing were drowned,
Smooth lie the soul and the sea.

Sabbath of loneliness!
Never felt I
Nearer me sweet security,
Warmer the glance o' th' sun.—
Gloweth not even my icy peak?
Silver, light, a fish,
My skiff floats out and away.

LAST COMMAND

To die,
As once I saw him die—,
The friend, who lightnings and glances
Into my darksome youth divinely flung:
—Wilful and deep,
In the strife a dancer,—

Among warriors the gayest,
Among victors the heaviest,
On his own fate another fate assuming,
Hard, reflective, prospective:—

Shuddering *because* he conquered,
Exulting for it, that he conquered *dying:*—

Commanding, as he died,
—That one *destroy* was his commanding . . .

To die,
As once I saw him die:
Conquering, *destroying* . . .

59

THE BEACON

Here, where between the seas the island grew,
An altar stone towered sheer from earth,
Here Zarathustra, under blackened heavens,
Ignited to himself a beacon fire,—
Signal of fire for battered sailors,
Signal of question for such as answer questions . . .

The flame with white-grey belly thrusteth far
—Into the cold its tongue of strong desire,
To ever clearer heights it writhes its neck—
A snake for its impatience stiffly reared:
Such the sign I posted to mark my place.

But my soul itself is this very flame:
Insatiable towards new distances,
Burning upwards, upwards with her steady gleam.
Why fled Zarathustra from beast and mortal?
Why eschewed he clear all continents?

Six lonelinesses knew he well,—
Till the sea's self for him was all too peopled,
The island gave him foothold, he grew flame upon the
mountain.
Towards the Sabbath of loneliness
Casts he querulous the line over his head.

The battered sailors! Dust of ancient stars!
Ye seas of the future! Unexpounded heavens!
To all the lonely ones cast I now the angle:
Make answer to th' impatience of the flame,
Catch for me, fisher upon the mountains,
My ultimate Sabbath of loneliness!— —

60

FAME AND ETERNITY

1

How long already sitt'st thou
  Upon thy mischance?
Take heed, lest thou should'st hatch me
  An egg,
  A cockatrice's egg
From out thy long complaint.

Why creeps Zarathustra along the mountain?

Mistrustful, suspicious, gloomy,
A sullen lurker—
But sudden, a flash,
Bright, frightful, a stroke
'Gainst heaven out of the abyss:
—The mountain itself convulseth
Its very entrails . . .

Where hate and lightning
Grew one, a *curse,*—
On the mountain now dwells Zarathustra's scorn,
A thunder-cloud he creepeth his *own road.*

Conceal himself, he who but one last blanket hath!
In bed with you, ye tenderlings!
Now bellow thunders over vaulted places,
Now tremble all the joists and buttresses,
Now start the lightnings, the brimstone-coloured Verities—
Zarathustra *bans* . . .

2

This same money, with which
All the world acquits,
Fame,—
With gloved hands I seize this minted money, I,
With loathing cast and tread it *under* me.

Who would be paid then?
The venal would . . .
Who is *cheap*, grabs
With his fat hands
Towards the all-the-world metal-clink fame

Would'st thou buy them?
They are all to be bought.
But bid thou much!
Jingle a well-filled pocket!
—Thou *strength'nest* else,
Thou strength'nest else their *virtue* . . .

They are all so virtuous.
Fame and virtue—rhyme together.
As long as the world lives,
It pays, virtuous tattling,
With fame rattling,—
The world *thrives* upon this din . . .

In presence of the virtuous
Will I guilty be,
Guilty called with every greatest wrong!
In presence of fame's trumpet-blowers
My ambition becomes a worm,—
Amid such people I only wish
Lowest of all to be . . .

This same money, with which
All the world acquits,
Fame,—
With gloved hands I seize this minted money, I,
With loathing cast and tread it *under* me.

3

Hush!—
Of greatest things—I *see* the greatest!—
Should one be either
Dumb, or talk mighty;
Talk mighty, my delighted Wisdom!

I see there aloft
Roll seas of brightness,
—O night, O silence, O death-silent sound! . . .
I see where a beacon,—
From furthest distance
Sinks slowly sparkling a star figure to me . . .

4

Highest star of being!
Table of the eternal image!
Thou com'st to me?—
Which none hath beholden,
Thy unspeakable beauty,—
What? it fleeth not before my look?—

Shield of Necessity!
Table of the eternal image!
—But thou knowest it:
What all men hate,
What *I* alone love:
—That thou'rt *eternal!*
That thou'rt *necessary!*
My love ignites itself
Eternal only at Necessity.

Shield of Necessity!
Highest star of being!
—That no wish attains,
That no *nay* hath stained,
Eternal *yea* of being,
Ever am I thy *yea:*
Because I love thee, O Eternity!

THE END

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